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Tales of Icy Labrador Told by Dillon Wallace

New York, May 5. — After spending eleven months exploring the wilds of Labrador, Dillon Wallace has returned to his law office in William street. Between legal cases, so to speak, he will write a series of articles for a magazine and next spring he will issue a new book on Labrador.

From start to finish Wallace's trip was filled with adventure and frequent peril. After leaving Fort Chimo on the way in and while traveling in eighteen-foot canoes, his party was wrecked on an island and was five days without food or water. They were compelled to abandon all of their extra clothing and walk across the ice to the mainland. In such constant danger of going down in the ice pack were they that even the native guides were ready to give up and call on Tchomgak, the god of evil, for deliverance.

Upon reaching the mainland the party encountered a pack of large timber wolves, which followed it for days. The seven "skins" and one skin will buy a pint of molasses or a quarter of a pound of tea or a plug of tobacco. The worth of every commodity is rated by its "skin value."

Shrewd at Barter.

While the Indians and Esquimaux there are a childlike people in some ways, Mr. Wallace says they are great bargain drivers. One they met had two foxes to sell, and he asked 700 skins for them, but he took fifty without any hesitancy.

The Ungava bay Indians live in snow houses and are filthy in their habits, but notwithstanding are extremely healthy. The men are giants and the women are universally robust, despite the dirt they live in and raise their children in. Each man carries a snow knife, which is about eighteen inches long and looks something like a Cuban machete, except that its handle is wrapped with leather so it will not stick to the hands. An Indian can build himself a snow house which will be ample for his entire family in about half an hour. They cut the

Dillon Wallace

wolves of Labrador, Mr. Wallace says, are the most vicious in the world. He saw one of them fight a pack of thirty dogs, and when it was shot by the owner of the dogs it had fared little worse than many of the dogs which were after it.

Employed 340 Dogs.

During the trip, which covered 2,000 miles between Fort Chimo and Natashquan, Wallace used 340 dogs in relays. At Nachvak, where they ran out of dogs, they tried an interesting experiment of raising half breeds from the get of a big wolf which had run in with the pack. Sometimes a wolf will take up with dogs of a hunting or exploring party and at night run in with them, keeping at a distance during the daytime when the men are awake.

The experiment promised to be quite successful, for the mother dog raised a litter of fine half breeds, which, w[hen] only a few months old, were large enough to work. None of the trained sled dogs could equal them for endurance. But the curse of the wild wolf was on them. The old gray father followed his children over hundreds of miles of snow and ice and every night he would "come in" and sleep with his family. In the day he was always the lurking wild outcast, trailing on behind the exploring party.

One morning the dog drivers went to hitch up, and all of the wolf dog youngsters were gone. The men had feared this, knowing that the wolf by nature is a tramp, and they had always kept the half breeds tied up at night. The Baron, as their big gray father had been named, had come in and eaten their ropes loose. Once free, they were never afterward seen by the party.

Mr. Wallace heard of another case at Nachvak, where wolfdog pups turned out very well for a few months, but when they were nearly grown they became so vicious they had to be shot.

All of the Esquimaux and Indians were found to be extremely hospitable. Tobacco and matches will endear any white man to their hearts. For two plugs of tobacco they would trade their prize squaw. The Indians are all heathens and polygamists. They live in skin tents and have no money save "skins." A white Arctic fox pelt, for example is worth snow building blocks with these snow knives faster than they could be cut by machinery, and as they drop, the wife and children pile them up into a snow house. These houses last indefinitely. The snow and icy north wind harden them until they are as solid as if hewn out of marble.

Mr. Wallace says he advises all New Yorkers who are going on a trip of this kind to fit out in Manhattan. One should know, of course, what he needs and be careful not to overpack. In the matter of food he recommends pemmican very highly for trips to the cold regions. He ate about a pound a day and found it fully sufficient. He says one does not grow tired of eating it even for months at a stretch. After using it you do not feel full, as one does after an ordinary meal of meat and vegetables, but in about a half hour one begins to feel quite satisfied and it seems to nourish the body immediately.

Do not make the mistake of carting whisky along, he says, as you cannot use it in the cold countries. Even the natives do not use it, and in Labrador the Canadian government imposes a fine of $50 on any man who gives an Indian a drink of whisky.

Scientists in Party.

In Mr. Wallace's party were Leigh Stanton, a Nova Scotian; Clifton R. Easton, a student of forestry from the Vanderbilt college of forestry, Biltmore, N. C.; George M. Richards, a student of geology in Columbia university, and "Pete" Stephens, a Chippewa guide. They left New York April 1, 1905, and June 26 they left the Northwest river coast for Lake Michi Kamaro, thence to the headwaters of the George river. October 16 they reached Ungava bay. The trip in this far was the hardest part of the long tour. From Ungava they worked by 350 dog sled relays to Fort Chimo.

They returned to the Hudson bay fur trading post and then started toward Esquimau Point, which they reached April 20, traveling in all 2,500 miles.

The party brought back many specimens of flora, wood and minerals. These collections are now being classified for exhibition and the use of students in botany and geology.

Roosevelt Beaten in Athletics

Several Cabinet Officials Have Better Records as Boxers and Wrestlers.

Although President Roosevelt has the reputation of being the greatest athlete among public men in Washington, other prominent officials have records which put them on an equal footing with the President—in some instances, above him, says the New York World. The President does not lay claim to particular skill in any sport except wrestling. He is a good boxer, a fair rider, a fair shot and a very bad tennis player. He frankly says so.

The warm spring weather has set many of the government officials taking rides and walks. The President is most strenuous of all. When he can not get outdoors he works in his gymnasium, and, during the winter, there has been no letup. When he can not get some of his friends to spar or wrestle with him he has some athletic instructor come to the White House and mix it up with him.

As a boxer, the President is dangerous without being a clean-cut sparrer. He has a fair amount of science, good speed and great endurance. Like all men who have boxed a gread deal, he can not do himself justice without hitting hard. To deliver a blow quickly when sparring with a good man, it is necessary to put steam behind it. This the President is amply able to do, but a fast, rangy man, with a long reach, has no trouble in outpointing him.

On the mat the President's nearsightedness does not bother him, and his great strength comes into play. Professional wrestlers who have been on the mat with him declare that Mr. Roosevelt is one of the finest amateur wrestlers they have ever known.

As a rider, the President does not rank high. He can stick on a horse, but he is a very hard man on the animal he rides. All the White House horses show the effects of hard usage, although they are well cared for in the stable.

On the tennis court, the President's bad eyesight and his peculiarly awkward gait militate against great success. The President knows this and does not pretend to be a tennis crack. He plays for the fun of it.

Among the cabinet officers there are two men with fine athletic records. They are Victor H. Metcalf, secretary of commerce and labor, and Attorney-General William H. Moody.

Metcalf is a Yale man. Back in 1875-6 he rowed on the Yale crew. Four-oared crews were in style then, and Metcalf pulled an oar in several intercollegiate races. When he went to California in 1880 he became a member of the Olympic club of San Francisco. He took up wrestling, and at one time held the middleweight championship of San Francisco. He was one of the crack boxers of the club, as well.

Secretary Metcalf still takes great interest in boxing and wrestling. When the jiu jitsu craze broke out he laughed at the pretensions of the Japs. Mr. Metcalf says he saw jiu jitsu tried in San Francisco fifteen years ago. At that time, he declares, the Japanese experts were thrown all over the mat by American wrestlers. Nowadays Mr. Metcalf, whose health is not always good, confines himself to riding and walking. He is an excellent horseman.

Attorney-General Moody is one of the greatest baseball fans in America. Moreover, he knows the game thoroughly, having been a crack player himself. He was captain of the Andover academy baseball team in 1872, playing second base. Going from Andover to Harvard, he had no trouble in making the varsity nine, on which he played in the outfield for four years. He was counted a good fielder and an excellent hitter. Any afternoon in the spring the attorney-general may be seen sitting on his horse watching small boys playing ball on a vacant lot. Mr. Moody rides nearly every afternoon, and as surely as he spies a baseball game he reins up and watches it.

Secretary Taft carries a bit too much weight nowadays to indulge in strenuous athletics, but he rides regularly and takes systematic exercise at home to keep down his weight. He and the President often ride together.

The greatest athlete in public life here is Frank H. Hitchcock, first assistant postmaster general. Hitchcock was graduated from Harvard in 1893. Before he went to college he attended the Summerville high school in Boston and captained and managed the baseball team. Under his control the team several times won the interscholastic championship of Boston.

In the spring term of his freshman year at Harvard Mr. Hitchcock was offered the position of first base on the varsity team. This is almost unique in college athletics, as a freshman has to be an exceptional man to get a position on any team and then he has to work hard for it. Hitchcock's ability was so rare, however, that the management of the team waived precedent and sought him out. Hitchcock was working hard at the time and declined the offer. He says he regrets it to this day.

Hitchcock's great forte, however, was boxing, and he was known as the best amateur boxer in Boston during his school and college days. He is more than six feet tall, very quick and has an unusually long reach. Much practice with the gloves has broadened and loosened his shoulders, and made them very heavy. He is known to have outpointed several first-class men in friendly contests. He became so good at one time that he stopped sparring with other amateurs because he could not spar without going at it hard. After accidentally knocking out four or five of his intimate friends he confined his efforts entirely to professionals. Mutual friends often have desired to see the President and Hitchcock put on the gloves. The admirers of the assistant postmaster general are willing to bet that the President could not lay a glove on Hitchcock in a six-round bout.

EARTH'S AGE NOW PUT AT OVER 100,000,000 YEARS

The best geometrical estimates of the age of our globe are in close agreement. From the time when the record of the stratified rocks begin to the present, the figures are something over 100,000,000 years. While some of the estimates very considerably both above and below the period mentioned, the general results are not materially affected.

A generation ago, calculations of the earth's age were for the most part very much less than one-half of the figure given above. Dana, for instance, computed the length of Paleozoic time at about 30,000,000 years; of Mesozoic time, 9,000,000 years, and of Cenozoic time, 3,000,000 years, making in all 48,000,000 years.

Recently, however, there has been found beneath the vast Paleozoic sequence an assemblage of rocks of enormous extent. All geologists are now agreed in placing the time equivalent of these pre-Cambrian clastics as equal, at least, to the entire time that has elapsed since the beginning of the Paleozoic era. Taking into consideration this fact, even Dana's estimate is doubled, and reaches very nearly the 100,000,000 mark.

Biologists tell us that at the beginning of Paleozoic time life in general was already nine-tenths differentiated. There must have been a period of time prior to this during which organic forms flourished, and during which sediments were laid down, that was very, very long. This early period, possibly, was not ten times as long as from Cambrian times to the present, but it certainly was at least two or three times as long.

From all these different sources one can arrive at a comparative scheme. If we consider the ratios, we get for Archeozoic time 23, for Proterozoic time 38, Paleozoic time 28, Mesozoic time 8, Cenozoic time 3, and we obtain for the total number of years something like 150,000,000.—Charles Rollin Keyes, in the American Monthly Review of Reviews.

JULES LEMAITRE LOOKED OLD AT 35

He was of middle height, with bent shoulders, head carried forward, near-sighted and awkward; the evening dress hung ungracefully as though its pockets were stuffed with books and papers; no one would have taken him for anything but what he was—a man of study, perhaps a professor.

He stumbled over those awful stools or cushions the ouvreuses put under one's feet and murmured, "Pardon, madame, pardon," as he strove to gain his seat. And people whispered, "Lemaitre; Jules Lemaitre."

In those days he was about thirty-five and looked almost fifty. His hair, inclined to curl, early turned gray, then white, leaving him a little bald. This added to the height of his forehead and made the rather insignificant features appear a little lacking in space, as though the face had been of India rubber and pressed too hard. The expression, the glint of the blue eyes, soon forced one to forget his rather unsatisfactory physique.

When he spoke he let his words drop with a sort of careless grace, with a little hesitation, too; the voice was gentle and rather high pitched. When he lectured that soft voice swelled and carried to the very extremity of a large theatre, and all hesitation disappeared.—Mme. Charles Bigot in the Critic.

A French Compromise.

In the year 1871, when the government of Monsieur Thiers was at Versailles, and before the national assembly had decided whether the new constitution of France was to be a monarchial or republican, the Comte de Paris visited the palace at Versailles.

Just as he was about to enter, M. Jules Simon met and recognized him. Bowing low, Monsieur Simon said with much gravity:

"If we are a republic, Count, you are in my house, and I shall be delighted to do the honors, but if we are a monarchy, then I am in your house, and cannot play the host."

The Comte de Paris laughed and took Monsieur Simon's arm.

"Ah, Monsieur," he said, gaily, "let us go in together!"

LIGHT O' LIFE.

When night comes on
I have such glorious visions of a wondrous dawn
My heart stands still
A while, joy dumb. I see the heavy skyline thrill
With tender, mystic light-waves, pulsing wider till
The gold leaps out, and night and dark are gone.

When pain comes on
And sunny Life, sore hurt, looks out through eyelids wan
'Gainst the close wall
Of grief I know that where the shadows deepest fall,
Darkling in that obscurest corner of them all,
I'll find the door which opens to the sun.

When age comes on
I trust I shall not linger in the day that's gone;
My ship of dreams
Must leave the little harbor in the sunset beams
To find itself and freedom on the vast sea-streams
Sweeping a world curve toward that greater Dawn.

—Mary Pemberton Gunther, in Lippincott's.

CONSIDER THE CLOCK

No Lock, No Language, and a Face Without a Feature.

Did you ever take time to consider the clock? You should have done so if you have not, seeing the clock gives you the time whenever you ask it. (No, this is no joke. It is a plain statement of fact.)

The clock is so sensitive that it constantly keeps its hands before its face. This is due to the fact that through no fault of its own it has been doing time for many years in the most public manner. It may be that as the face of the clock has no eyes, nor mouth, nor nose, nor chin, nor cheeks, nor any of the usual facial appurtenances, it keeps its hands over it to hide these defects. But this can scarcely be, we fancy, because its hands have no fingers nor thumbs, nor has it any arms, and any attempt to conceal one defect would only expose another.

Most clocks have only two hands, but many have three, and it is somewhat remarkable anatomically as well as numerically, that the third hand is the second hand. It may also be remarked that the minute hand is not the minute hand, for it is longer than the hour hand.

The clock has neither feet nor legs, but it runs just the same. It may be fast or slow, but it does not walk. It always runs, and it never runs up. It runs down unless it is kept running round. Providence wisely did not give feet to the clock.

The clock has a key but no lock, and for that reason even the most ignorant person never tries to open a clock with the key.

Some clocks strike and some do not, but no clock ever strikes with its hands. Just why a clock should be so peculiar is no affair of ours.

(Of course this is no joke. The striking of a clock may be an affair of hours, but it is not spelled the same way. We are not trying to be funny. This is a dignified article. Please do not interrupt us again.)

That passage in Scripture which says, "By their works shall you know them," does not refer to clocks, but it might well have done so, because that is the way a good clock is known.

The clock speaks a universal language, and no matter whether it is a German clock, or French or Spanish or Italian, it can tell you the time just as distinctly as if it were plain Yankee.

The clock differs from all other human affairs in that while their operations end when they are wound up, the clocks' do not begin until they are wound up.

There are no clocks in heaven, because there is no time there. Neither is there any night, and an eight-day clock would not know when to stop.—San Francisco Call.

THE MOST FUN.

Are Mark Twain, Edison and Burbank Having It?

Who among us has the most fun nowadays? One can only guess, but guessing on such a question is some fun in itself. We guess Uncle Mark Twain has a fair amount of daily sport. He is a very kind man and finds many opportunities nowadays to do public services of a benevolent sort to great advantage. The papers, as we write, say he is going to preside at a meeting for the benefit of the blind. He does such things often, and makes very good speeches on such occasions and on all occasions when he speaks at all. To exercise the gift of discourse to edification is a high pleasure. Mark does it vocally and by word of pen. His command of good and also bad language is fluent, comprehensive and exact. He practices an art of which he is a master, and he indulges the impulses of a benevolent spirit. Of course he has a good time.

Uncle Andrew Carnegie has a good time too. That is notorious. He has money to spend and spends it. His mind is very active, his health is good. His interest in life and everything that bears on it is lively and acute, and he takes a hand in every game that interests him. According to the books and to the general rule of human experience, he ought to be quite gloomy because he is so rich. But he isn't gloomy at all. He has a tiptop time.

And of course President Roosevelt has a lot of fun. Action and reaction is the rule of physics, but it is not the rule of him. He has the exhilaration of perpetual action without any considerable reactions that anyone ever hears of.

Thomas Edison must have fun, too. The processes of inventive thought must be exceedingly interesting, especially when they pan out as well as Mr. Edison's processes do. He has the pleasures of the imagination added to the joys that come from searching after truth and getting clamps on it. He makes money, too, but that to him is an incident and a troublesome, but necessary digression from the pursuit of happiness.

Luther Burbank, the plant wizard, must have a vast deal of fun of a sort not unlike Edison's. Burbank began work in a plough factory and kept his wonderful mind on the improvement of machinery just long enough to make some money with which to undertake the remodeling of the vegetable world. Then he invented a new potato and made a little more money and moved to California, where he opened a plant factory. Anyone who does not know of the marvels he has done should read up about him. There is joy, of course, in creation, else things wouldn't have been created. Burbank must have tasted that joy in abundant measure. He has never made much money for himself, because his mind has never dwelt much on that quest, but he is one of the fortunate men of his generation, a marvelous creature who has followed his bent and really benefited mankind. We guess it is one of the conditions of having any notable amount of fun that there should be resulting benefit to mankind.—Harper's Weekly.

Consul Dudley writes from Vancouver that the estimate of tin plate imports into British Columbia for 1906 is 130,000 boxes, most of which will come from the United States. The present price there is $3.75 per box. It is expected that not more than one-fourth as many cases of salmon will be packed this year as last, but the tin can stock is cleaned up.

A SWORD OF THE OLD FRONTIER

Being a Plain Account of Sundry Adventures befalling Chevalier Raoul de Coubert, one time Captain in the Hussars of Languedoc, during the year 1763.

A TALE OF FORT CHARTRES AND DETROIT

By RANDALL PARRISH

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CHAPTER XXVII.

It was like recklessly dashing against a black wall, so dense lay the night beneath those overshadowing trees. Yet I durst not pause or hesitate. Behind was a death of horror; ahead hope, with the possible rescue of Mademoiselle. My moccasined feet scarcely made a sound on the short grass, while the woods were open, unobstructed by underbrush. But I fell more than once, and heavily, for with hands bound tightly behind I could do nothing to save myself; I collided with trees, and low branches slashed my face like so many wires, yet such accidents halted my mad rush only for the instant. Fear and hope and love combined to spur me on in renewed exertion, left me utterly careless of wounds, and forced the red blood throbbing through my veins. I was free! free! loosened from the cruel grip of those merciless fiends, and I would die there amid those shadows, my fate unknown, ere I would ever submit again to capture.

I heard behind me the sounds of a fierce struggle, the vicious barking of a dog, the monotonous chant of the Irishman, the rising din of guttural voices, but never so much as glanced back across my shoulder. Had I done so I could have seen nothing, learned nothing as to whether or not I was pursued, and I needed every sense of touch and vision to guard me from the manifold dangers in my front. The fresh night air fanned my cheeks, bringing me renewed vigor, the dew on the leaves that splashed my face was gratefully refreshing; I could inhale the fragrance of crushed flowers, the many sweet and mingled odors of the woods. But of these I thought nothing—my sole purpose was escape, and to that one single end I bent every awakened energy of my being, running as the deer runs, swiftly, and with a recklessness which ever proves the safer in the end. Back of me were savages, born to just such solitudes, tireless, relentless, capable, if need should arise, to track a hare upon the trail. To win away from such as these would test to the full my every skill in woodcraft, my utmost strength, my swiftest pace. With teeth shut grimly to the struggle, the savage in me responded to the thought.

To the south of where I started I had noted the red flames of a fire; to north lay the dreaded village of the Ottawas. My most hopeful course must lie toward the east, yet a greater present safety lay in doubling upon the trail. I circled as best I could amid such darkness, which yielded to straining eyes barely the slightest guidance. Occasionally I caught the glimmer of a star overhead through the obscuring branches; again a slight hill or winding hollow gave faint sense of direction, but in the main I plunged blindly forward, scarcely able to avoid those trees which blocked my path. I heard nothing now but my own labored breathing, the rustle of the leaves, or the stir of some wild animal disturbed at my approach. It was like a great cave in those cool depths, and I ran more slowly, husbanding my strength, and endeavoring to figure out my circle, so that I might head once more eastward. I smiled as I ran at thought of those baffled savages behind me. Bah! not even an Indian, though gifted with all the secrets of woodcraft, could ever trail me now through such darkness, and along so devious a track. Morning might find them at it, but before the gray dawn came I would succeed in blocking them by some cunning trick of cover. It had not proven so difficult as I had feared; to be sure I was bruised and lame, ragged and breathless, a mere hunted fugitive, with many a hardship front-ing me; but what of that? Sacre! there were a thousand ways leading out, and yet I retained sufficient of youth to make adventure welcome.

I halted for a moment, leaning against a great tree-trunk, seeking to ease my labored breathing, and listening intently for any distant sounds indicative of pursuit. Those vast forest aisles stretching away upon every side were like giant tunnels conveying sounds. I could hear the soughing of the wind, the rasping of the dead branches, the fluttering of night birds, and, farther away, the mournful hooting of an owl. Then there came, borne to my ears, like the report of a gun, the sharp, penetrating bark of a dog. An instant I waited, crouching forward to make sure my hearing had not deceived me; clearer even than before I heard it, accompanied this time by a whine as though the animal had received some hurt.

The dog! Saint Denis! but I had forgotten the dog!

I might, indeed, in that intense darkness, amid the labyrinths of forest, throw those savages from my track, but not this cur, relentlessly trailing me by scent of my moccasins along the grass. Mon Dieu! If I only had my hands free with which to throttle the brute! I struggled against the bonds, but the stout grass blades held like manacles of steel, tearing the skin from my wrists, until I could feel the blood trickling down my fingers.

I wheeled about and ran, seeking now every depression in hope of discovering water along which I might wade and thus destroy the scent. In that wild rush for safety I lost my slight sense of direction and plunged headlong into a dense thicket, where thorns scratched me and branches slapped me viciously in the face, but I found no stream, nothing but a bare surface of rock, across which I stumbled blindly. I could hear the dog now with horrible distinctness, as he gave tongue to that eagerness with which he drew closer to his prey; the sharp, whining bark had merged into a deeper bay, savage and threatening. Already he must be at the very tree where I had first halted to listen—five minutes more would witness him leaping across those rocks and, maddened by the chase, hurling himself at my defenseless throat. Bon Dieu! I knew not what to do, how best to meet the brute, with what weapons to crush down his fierce assault. Like a trapped rabbit, bound and helpless, I stared into the black void, terror changing my blood into ice, my brain to wood. What use to prolong such unequal struggle? What faintest hope was left, what slightest chance remained in combat waged against that enraged brute, with neither arms nor hands free? Already I felt his fangs tearing me, his hot breath upon my face. But Mademoiselle! The name thrilled through me as I have experienced the blare of a trumpet in hour of battle. A sudden rush of manhood swept the sneaking coward from my heart, as though new blood had been injected into my veins. Ay! I might go down, go down mangled and disfigured under those snapping jaws, go down to hideous, repulsive death alone amid those black depths of forest, but, under God, I would go fighting to the end. Mademoiselle! it was her gray eyes, her fair face that nerved me, and I drew the deep breath of a fighter ere he closes in death grapple with his foe.

Nor had I a moment to spare. There was a crash in those thick brambles opposite, a low, ominous growl, and then my straining eyes could dimly perceive the long slim figure leaping out upon the rocks. The mere glimpse of that skulking brute maddened me into a fury of desperation. Bien! if I died, so must he; our lifeless bodies should lie there in that black hollow together. I possessed nothing to fight with save my feet, and they encased in soft moccasins, but I crouched low on the little eminence, hoping his eyes would not discover me until I could strike the first blow in this duel to the death. There was a chance—such a vague, shadowy chance—if I could only keep his gleaming teeth from off my throat. Holy Mother! he looked a demon in the starlight, a thin, sinewy brute, long of limb like a hound, his hair short and shiny, his eyes like coals of fire, a white foam dripping from his lips; and he came crouching across the rocks like a great cat, his tail lapping from side to side as though he scented blood.

I doubt if the creature saw me. Suddenly he stopped, pointing his muzzle upward, suspiciously sniffing the air, and emitted a howl, which was half a yelp, sounding unspeakably dismal as it found echo from tree to tree. That same instant I was on him, striking him fairly in the center of his long body, and crushing him down, snapping and snarling like a wild cat, while I stamped him mercilessly against the rock. Mon Dieu! but he tore me, sinking his gleaming fangs deep into the flesh of my calf, and stripping one leg bare of its stocking with the cruel sweep of his claw. But I got his throat beneath my heel, and bore remorselessly down upon it, gripping him as in a vise, throwing my whole weight to that one endeavor. He writhed and twisted madly in the struggle, his eyes glowing red into my face, his body flung from side to side in paroxysms of effort, his hinder claws tearing at me in desperate ferocity. But I held him! Saint Denis! I held him! squeezing that tough throat down with a grip merciless, unyielding. The tongue protruded red, the eyes grew staring and frightful, but I crushed him down, ever tighter and tighter against that stone, my whole body now the deadly weight which choked him. There was a second when I thought he might make it, might wrench loose in his death-squirming from that gripping heel, and wreak his vengeance. Faith! it was touch and go as he rocked me half over in the mad struggle, yet I kept my feet, inspired by the desperation of despair, and choked the mad brute until he died snarling, clawing at me till the last sobbing breath quitted his quivering body.

For a moment I reeled above him like a drunken man, barely conscious of victory, completely unnerved by the tension of that awful combat. Then I left the carcass lying there, an ugly black blotch in the shine of the stars, and plunged headlong into the deepest shadows of the woods beyond. I ran blindly, realizing little except that the savages might be close behind their dog, and that I must cover all the ground possible. I laughed as I ran, the hysterical laugh of one whose brain tottered from overstrain, yet little by little, as I put that grim horror behind me, reason crept back upon her throne. My wounds scarcely troubled me, excepting as the low branches whipped my lacerated limbs and set them to smarting afresh. I fell twice in that rush, each time driving the breath from my body by the shock, and finally I went down for the third time, but now rolled sheer over the sharp edge of an unseen declivity, plunging helplessly down through the underbrush, until I splashed into running water far below. And I came within an ace of dying there, my bonds so fretting me that to gain my knees proved a desperate struggle.

The shore line was thickly strewn with flint rocks of every conceivable size and shape. I crept along them beneath the overhanging foliage into a blackness as intense as though it composed the interior of a cavern, and, discovering a resting place upon an outcropping ledge, lay there listening, and slowly nursing back the breath into my battered body. I was sore and bruised from head to heel, my flesh torn by the Indian sticks and the teeth of the dog, and battered severely by those trees with which I had collided in the darkness. About me sounded the familiar noises of the forest, the calls of wild animals disturbed in their lairs or prowling amid the shadows, the mournful soughing of the wind, the distant hooting of the vigilant owl, mingled with the murmur of the water as it raced past the rock on which I rested. But there was nothing to awaken alarm—I was alone and safe, my pursuers baffled and far behind. The unexpected dip into the cool stream had refreshed me and the healing waters had greatly helped my wounds. This renewed life springing up within me bade me press on, and in response thereto I sat up, my head touching the overarching boughs. As I moved slightly, some sharp and jagged edge of the stone gave me a stab of pain upon my naked ankle. I felt eagerly in the darkness to discover the cause, slipping off the flat face of the rock into the water, so that I might make use of my hands behind me. Investigation proved the rock edge flinty, and so split apart as to leave a rugged protuberance, not unlike the hacked blade of a knife.

No discovery could have been more welcome. I braced back against it, rubbing the grass rope with all my strength up and down across the teeth of that natural saw. It bit into the skin sadly, making me wince from the sharp pain of it, but little by little the tough strands yielded until one hand slipped free. The rest was easy, and I flung my liberated arms above my head, feeling an exhilaration hard to express. I bathed by lacerated wrists in the cool running water, and gradually they came back to strength and suppleness, while my mind grappled hopefully with the further problem of escape. The night was still young, and I could confidently count upon several hours of darkness in which to conceal my movements. I knew nothing regarding this stream in which I stood, yet beyond doubt it emptied into the great river flowing before Detroit, and must therefore prove my safest guide. Unarmed as I was, utterly ignorant as to any point of the compass, I saw no prospect of accomplishing slightest service for those imprisoned girls except by attaining the English stockade, and guiding some body of armed men back to their rescue. The quicker I succeeded in accomplishing this, the more certain their safety. If I succeeded in reaching the river before daylight, it ought not to prove so serious a task merely to float down with the current under cover of darkness. I ran a risk, no doubt, of attracting the attention of some prowling savage along the shore, or of being fired at by a vigilant sentry at the fort, but these were minor matters. Such attempt was certainly safer than to remain lurking where I was until daylight.

This in mind, I started off, following the uncertain vagaries of the stream, which widened somewhat as I progressed downward. It was intensely dark from that dense forest on either side, the trees along the shore overhanging the water, but through the narrow strip of sky beyond there fell a faint star-shine, shimmering along the surface, and assisting me to make more rapid progress. I must have been fully an hour at it, yet growing stronger in body and more confident of mind with each advancing step. Now and then I would pause, as the hunted deer does, to listen for some unwonted noise, but nothing reached my strained ears to tell of human presence in all that wilderness. The stream suddenly broadened, and became more shallow, the rock bottom changing to sand. The woods ceased along the southern shore, and I crept across into the dark shadows upon the opposite side, climbing the steep bank in hope of thus seeing more clearly, for I imagined the stars reflected back from off a wider sweep of water just beyond.

As I topped that bank a ray of yellow light flashed into my face, and I sank instantly back within my covert, half believing it to be the flame of a rifle. Reassured as to this, I peered cautiously forward, barely lifting my eyes above the thick bush behind which I crouched. Not a rod away stood a double log cabin, the open door facing me. A candle, sitting upon a rude dresser at the back of the room, feebly illumined the interior, and cast a flickering gleam into my eyes. A man was just within range of my vision, leaning carelessly against the frame of the door, one hand grasping the brown barrel of a long rifle. He was white, and wore the gray coat of a Canadian voyageur, but the shadows flicked in so bewildering a way I was unable to distinguish his features clearly.

The one thing I saw which sent my blood leaping was beyond him. There, upon a woden peg beside the dresser, hung the broad-brimmed hat of a woman. Instantly, in shape and ribbon, in the silver buckle that bound it, I recognized its ownership—I had last seen it crowning the bonny brown locks of Rene. Out from all that darkness and suffering, through the intense gloom of the unknown forest, the fierce agonies of desperate combat, the good angels had led me, straight as an arrow flies, to the lonely cabin of Monsieur Quilleriez.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Never do I recall feeling happier, or more supremely confident, than at that moment. This direct leading of God appeared so clear to my mind that all doubts as to the final outcome deserted me like so many vanishing phantoms of the night. Ragged and bruised, a hunted fugitive, cowering amid the darkest thickets lest some eye should perceive me, I was yet destined to be a victor, and the certainty of it served to clear my brain, and brought renewed courage for adventure. Even as this fresh spirit swept me, the Canadian guard strode heavily across the room, and, with one breath, extinguished the sputtering candle. Then he stepped without, and stood a moment gazing at the stars, before seating himself in comfort on the doorstep. He appeared no more than a smudge of black in the gloom, until he struck flint and steel to light his pipe. Then I caught glimpse of a short, gray beard revealed in the brief glow, and marked the brown rifle barrel resting against his shoulder. From his lounging attitude and slow, deliberate movements, there was little doubt the fellow was on guard there for the night.

My thought recurred to where Rene referred in her brief note to seeing the star gleam through the intervening bank of earth. That would most likely be at the other side of the house, where it abutted upon the river; but I durst not attempt to slip back from where I lay while that Canadian sentinel held his place upon the doorstep. The slightest rustle of a leaf, or crackle of a dry twig, would arouse his suspicion. He rested so close to me I was able to distinguish his breathing in the still night, while the soft breeze wafted to my nostrils the fragrance of his burning tobacco, I scarcely ventured upon straightening up my cramped limbs; more than this I must not attempt, even behind that impenetrable screen of darkness. Mon Dieu! those minutes dragged so I began to believe he would continue to sit there forever, a hulking, shapeless shadow in the gloom, yet without doubt sufficiently wide-awake, and ready for action at the least alarm. I could perceive the glow of his pipe, the sole spot of color in all that darkness, and those light spirals of smoke he shot up into the air.

I had exhausted all patience when the fellow got deliberately upon his feet, yawning sleepily as he did so, and knocking the ashes from out the bowl of his pipe against the frame of the door. He stood there a long minute, perhaps, swinging his arms as though the night air had chilled him, and listening to the hoot of an owl in the black ravine. Then he walked to the corner of the cabin, peering around it along the steep bank of the stream.

"Hey, there, Francois," he called gruffly. "Have an eye upon this side for a minute while I go down to the spring after a drink. That last tobacco bites the tongue like the lash of a whip. Sacre! that little Quilleriez might afford a better brand, when he works us both night and day."

I could dimly perceive his companion by this time, a bulky figure in a great coat, which flapped open as he walked. His deep voice had the growl of a bear.

"'Tis as you say, mon camarade," he rejoined, dropping the butt of his gun heavily against the rock, and leaning lazily upon it. "We do all the work, and this Quilleriez reaps the harvest. Pardieu! 'tis no great honor at the best to take orders from such a figure of a man, let alone the food and cheer he gives us. I would as soon be servant to a monkey, and there are times when I am ready enough to quit the whole thing."

"You were ever a miserable old grumbler, Francois," said the other,

Crater of Vesuvius Pouring Forth Flame, Lava and Smoke

Vesuvius in the Height of its Eruption

his good humor returning at the sound of such fault-finding. "Never did I know you to be satisfied. Sacre! this Quilleriez is not so bad; he may indeed feed us till enough, but there have been other pickings in plenty, and when we once get into Detroit we are sure of our share of the spoil."

"When we once get into Detroit," sarcastically. "That may be so, Philippe; but when?"

"Oh, 'twill all be soon over with now. Heard ye not what that French officer said to Pontiac? Old De Villiers is bound eastward with a thousand regulars and four brass pieces, Saint Mary! but they will knock a pretty hole in these logs for the redcoats to fill up."

"Ay, and old Villiers and those regulars of his will be like to claim all the plums in this fat pudding, no doubt, while we, who have really done the work, can whistle for our share. Where is old Quilleriez tonight? Pardieu, 't is not often of late that he wanders so long from the shadow of his sweet dovecot."

The old man laughed, his cackle seeming to die behind his beard.

"No, he keeps strong guard over these prisoners; they must be worth a pretty penny by the trouble he takes. But this night had an unusual attraction elsewhere, which even he could not resist—'t is the burning of that fellow who gave him such a dressing down along the trail. No doubt the Ottawas are warming him up right smart by now."

"You mean that one who brought in these women, and then made such a bluff at Pontiac by claiming to be a French officer?"

"Bien, that's the lad; tall and well built, with something the look of a gay gallant. 'T is a sight that will likely please old Quilleriez, especially as I hear they build the fire in full view of the English garrison. But I must go on to the spring, Francois; so keep those sleepy eyes of yours wide open till I return."

He passed directly by me, thrashing the bushes so closely that the loosened string of his moccasin flapped my hand. The other stared a moment after his retreating figure, whistling soberly, then took one peering glance along the front of the cabin, and slouched backward down the bank of the stream. As his shadow merged into the gloom of the trees, a wild impulse swept me to get away from my present uncomfortable posture, and reach those women imprisoned within. Monsieur Quilleriez's absence evidently meant a marked relaxation of vigilance, and the opportunity for a bold stroke. Instantly I was upon my knees, my heart throbbing fiercely, yet with every instinct alert. The way was perfectly clear, the open door not twenty feet distant. Crouching low I made a sudden dash for it, and attained the centre of that darkened room unchallenged. Yet even as I searched the floor with anxious, groping fingers for the ring of a trap door, I called myself a fool, and longed heartily to be once more in safety upon the outside. But it was already too late; far less of danger lurked ahead than behind, while many a wise deed would have failed of accomplishment but for some foolish blunder. I discovered it at last, that square crack I was diligently seeking in the floor, and then my fingers gripped the iron ring. I raised slightly the heavy door, and instantly a flash of yellow light burst into my face from below. I could perceive no signs of a ladder leading down, yet, without hesitation, crowded my body through the narrow opening, lowered the cover silently upon my fingers, so it would make but little noise in its fall, and let go my hold.

I came down softly upon my feet, uttering a quick word of warning even as I fell. I saw Rene, ay, and spoke to her, noting how rapidly her sympathetic face changed from terror to welcome, even while her parted lips refused utterance, yet it almost seems to me now that all I clearly perceived in that supreme moment was the presence of mademoiselle.

How utterly I forgot everything else—everything, save her alone! That black, haunted night without, those savage hunters pursuing me, the very memory of our common danger, deserted my mind as by magic, and I only realized I faced once again the mistress of my heart.

It was the rudest spot imaginable in which I thus found them—a mere shapeless excavation of the earth, the lower walls composed of yellow clay, the upper of irregular slabs of limestone; vast wooden props, formed from tree-trunks, supported the floor above, and cast dense black shadows. Along the trampled floor, as some pretense to comfort, had been thickly spread various skins of wild animals; robes and a medley of blankets in gay coloring were stocked along the farther wall, and two boxes, rudely fashioned into semblance of chairs. A tin holder, tied by a deerskin cord to one of the supports, held the single lighted candle, whose flickering rays cast feeble illumination over the squalid interior, leaving the further corners dark, and but half revealing the faces of its occupants. I saw all this with a single glance, the dancing light, the rough surroundings, the glistening cobwebs hanging between the rafters, the startled faces of the two women, as they hastily drew back from me in that first instant before recognition dawned. Then I was across that narrow intervening space, resting upon one knee, my hand clasping the white fingers of Mademoiselle. Ah! how sweet to me was that warm rush of color dyeing her fair cheeks crimson, that surprised look of cordial welcome sweeping into her proud eyes, that unstudied warmth of greeting with which she met me. If any haunting memory of him who claimed her promise swept across my brain, I cast it contemptuously aside; this hour, at least, should be mine; for this one hour love was to sweep aside all barriers and hold reckless sway. I looked up into her face, marking eagerly those kindling cheeks, the gray eyes, half hidden behind the long lashes, yet glowing with a depth of feeling which made of her a new woman. Mon Dieu! in that moment of moments I knew this: whatever the rights of Challoner, I no longer remained to her the same as other men; not yet, perhaps, had I won the full, sweet prize of my audacious endeavor, but surely, by the testimony of her manner, I was not now so far away from her heart. Thrilled by knowledge of my late peril, surprised at my unexpected coming, shocked by my personal appearance, for that single instant the obstructing shutters fell, and I caught one fleeting glimpse into the guarded secrets of her soul.

"Mademoiselle," I cried, my voice trembling with pent emotion, "I have found my way to you—my welcome the glad light in your eyes!"

She lifted her disengaged hand and rested it softly upon my disordered hair, stroking it as she might that of some child come to her for comfort. It was a simple thing to do, yet unspeakably womanly.

"Monsieur," and never listened I to voice more gracious and kindly, "my eyes have not told you any false tale; I do indeed welcome you, even as one risen from the dead."

"You knew, then, Mademoiselle?"

She bent her head lower, striving to hold back the tears which were already clinging to her long lashes.

"I knew; I knew—my God, the piteous agony of it! to be waiting here in this filthy den, our minds filled with the horrors of your torture! Oh, Monsieur, Monsieur, my only comfort all this day long has been that you had received my word of confidence; you knew in the hour of your awful trial I was not ungrateful."

I could not restrain myself from the action, bending lower until my lips pressed the hand yet held closely imprisoned within my own.

"That single line which you added to Mademoiselle Rene's note came to me as a message from heaven," I returned warmly. "Nothing hurt me so deeply that night within the council lodge, as did the doubt I read so clearly expressed in your eyes, the knowledge that you could think me capable of such base treachery."

"Nor did I, Monsieur. It was but the first sudden impression which staggered my faith. Once outside in the cool air I would have broken away from my captors, and rushed back to face them all with words of confidence. Would that it had been possible, for I should have compelled that English half-breed to creep upon his knees in penance for his lie. But rise, Monsieur; surely this is no throne-room, nor do I bear greatly the semblance of a queen."

"Queens are not always found amid splendor, Mademoiselle. She is the true queen who rules hearts in spite of her environment."

"Such compliment plainly bespeaks your nation," she replied, a sudden smile gleaming through her unshed tears. "No Englishman could ever have spoken it so finely. Yet this is not adverse criticism, for I have been learning rapidly of late to think more kindly of French gallantry than I once did. You have taught me lessons, Monsieur, which may, perhaps, be worth even these perils of the wilderness to master. But surely we waste precious time in such idle compliments. Tell us your story of escape, for your appearance bears ample witness to desperate deeds. Sit here, Monsieur, upon these robes beside me."

I changed my posture in obedience to her gesture, conscious, even as my glance wandered toward Rene's upturned, inquisitive face, that Mademoiselle's eyes were opening wide while they marked more clearly my deplorable condition.

"You are wounded," she exclaimed, "and more than once. Why, it even pains you to move. Rene, the water in that jug yonder, and a strip from off that old blanket. It will prove poor surgery, perchance, but most tender, Monsieur."

I protested vainly, urging, what was the truth, that my injuries were merely trivial, my pain no greater than what flesh wounds often leave. My lady would have her imperious way, while Rene's white fingers were full of eagerness, and her lips had regained their old-time audacity.

"Oh, hey!" she cried mischievously, smiling up into my eyes, as she worked swiftly, "it would be only just did I leave all this to Mistress Alene, for you have been neglecting me most shamefully, Monsieur. Oh, true! you look at me now with some little interest, but at first it was she alone you saw. Not once have you kissed my hands, yet it was the note they wrote which brought you hither, and, by all rights, it should have been I you sought most eagerly."

"One does not always exhibit openly his strongest feelings——" I began, but she would not wait the finish.

"Spare yourself, Monsieur; I beg you spare yourself!" and she set her brown hair waving by the fierce shaking of her head. "Just as if I cared! Pish! this world is crowded full of men; at least I have ever found plenty where I have been, nor are they so wonderful that I should feel envy because Mistress Alene has at last discovered one who deems her face somewhat fairer than my own. But do you truly, Monsieur?" and the saucy minx, forgetful of everything, even in that perilous hour, except her roguery, flung back her hair coquettishly, and flashed her dark eyes daringly into mine. "Tell me, do you really, or is it Mademoiselle's stately way, so different from those ladies of your own gay nation, which has so quickly won your heart?"

Alene's face flushed crimson at the laughing abandon of these words, nor would she front me with her eyes; yet I think it was no light hand she placed upon the other's shoulder.

"Your thoughtless raillery carries you much too far," she said in grave reproach. "Monsieur is weak from wounds, nor am I at present in any mood to be patient at such childishness. God knows we are not yet removed from peril, nor are we aware of how Captain de Coubert succeeded in reaching us, or his plans for our escape. It might be best to restrain your merriment until a more fitting season."

I know not whether it was these words of reproof, or sight of that deep gash in my limb, which sobered Rene, but the gay gleam of laughter in her dark eyes turned suddenly to gravest concern.

"'T is an ugly cut, Monsieur; what made it?"

"The teeth of a dog; no doubt it looks more serious than it really is, for though long and ragged, it cannot be particularly deep."

I leaned back against that pile of soft robes, where I might easily watch their faces under the flickering candle-gleam, the quiet restfulness of my posture a welcome relief after the awful strain I had passed through.

"Tell us the entire tale, Monsieur," spoke Mademoiselle softly, "while we bathe and bandage your hurts."

Rene's color was high as I began slowly, striving to make my story as little exciting as possible, but Mistress Alene watched me with troubled eyes, her lips parted, her cheeks like marble. I told it all as simply as I could, hardly dwelling upon the manifold horrors. When I came to the presence of the Englishman in captivity with me, I hesitated at first to make any mention of his name, but the sense of fairness appealed to me above all other considerations, and I told them who he was. I durst not glance toward Mademoiselle as I thus mentioned the name, but my eyes resting upon Rene marked how the color instantly fled from her cheeks, her fingers ceased their ministrations, while her startled eyes turned in frightened appeal toward her companion. Nor was it her ever-ready voice which interrupted me, but that of Mistress Alene, trembling as from a new terror.

"Lieutenant Challoner, you say? Wore he the uniform of the Forty-seventh British Foot?"

"It was badly torn, but of scarlet color, having gold and white facings. I think he mentioned that command."

The eyes of the two met as though mutual sympathy held them captive.

"Monsieur," questioned Rene, in a voice I hardly recognized, "was he alone? Did he say nothing about Lieutenant Maitland?"

"Nothing; I knew not Mademoiselle had a brother at Detroit."

My eyes rested inquiringly upon Alene, but she sat with lowered head and silent lips.

"'T is strange," commented the younger soberly, "that he should not have mentioned the name; they have always been inseparable companions."

Alene looked up, her eyes upon my face.

"I pray you tell us all, Monsieur," and her hand reached out and clasped that of Rene. "We knew this young Englishman upon the other side of the water; he—he was a very dear friend, and it truly seems more than we can bear to think of him now in such awful stress of peril."

I hurried forward with my narration, my heart like lead as I observed my lady's troubled face, white now as though stricken by death, the great tears falling unchecked from her long lashes. Had I ever doubted the truth of the Lieutenant's claim, that faint questioning left me now, yet I told his story manfully enough, choking back within my own breast every outward show of feeling. As I drew to the end her lips moved as though she would question me further, but for the moment failed to utter a sound.

"And you know not then, Monsieur, whether he also escaped?" It was Rene, her face hidden within her hands.

"I know not, Mademoiselle; it was nip and tuck with both of us just then. But I do know he was braced for a spring, and was of a nature ever ready to fight. He had an equal chance with me to make it."

"Was Lieutenant Challoner aware that we were here, in captivity to the Indians?" my lady questioned, her voice unsteady, and I ventured to lift my eyes once more to her face.

"I so informed him, Mademoiselle, and have no doubt the knowledge will afford him fresh courage in his endeavors to escape, and be of aid to you. From what little I saw of the Englishman I know him to be a brave and resolute man."

She rose to her feet and came toward me, leaning over and taking my hands within her own. Carried away by a strong impulse of the heart, she cared nothing at such a moment that her cheeks were moist with tears.

"And you are also a brave and resolute man, Captain de Coubert," she exclaimed gravely. "You are here now for our sakes, and at the imminent risk of your own life. God grant that Robert Challoner may be numbered by those who love him, but he would not be pleased that we sit here grieving for him to the increase of our own danger. Surely, time now must be everything." She bent down above Rene, who was sobbing softly, and lifting her, pressed the slighter form caressingly against her own. "Keep back your tears, dear one," she whispered tenderly, stroking the dark hair with one hand, "until we know the full truth; it may be that rejoicing yet awaits us. At least Robert would not wish either of us to break down at such a moment as this; our very loyalty to him can best be shown by an exhibition of brave womanhood. Perhaps our escape tonight, if it may be accomplished, will even lead directly to his rescue."

I watched in silence as she pressed her face softly against the other's cheek, soothing her companion as she might soothe a troubled child; feeling, as it seemed to me, some drops of her own proud, undaunted courage into the veins of that sobbing unnerved girl. Never have I loved her more than then, when she rose above the strain of her own heartache and peril, to give of her abundant strength to one weaker than herself. Yet never did she appear farther away from me, more impossible of my winning. At last she glanced up into my face, her gray eyes filled with the brave light of endeavor.

"Captain de Coubert, every moment we remain here must surely decrease our chances of escape. Have you any plan——"

There was a rattling of that iron ring in the floor overhead. As I stared upward, the trap door above us was lifted, and the heavy foot of a rude ladder protruded itself into candlelight.

CHAPTER XXIX.

It was quick, resourceful Rene, her ready wit like a flash of steel, who recovered first from our momentary consternation, swiftly thrusting me backward out of sight behind a supporting pillar, and flinging over me a robe as I crouched there, her dark eyes instantly aglow with sudden excitement. Mademoiselle stood looking upward, seemingly petrified by so unexpected an apparition, her lips parted, the rising and falling of her bosom evidencing the depth of agitation oppressing her. Not until Rene touched her, whispering swift, pregnant warning to her ears, did my lady sink slowly back upon her throne of robes, to bear her part in the scene to follow.

I could gain from my hiding place hardly more than uncertain glimpses of what was occurring above. I heard the fall of the trap door, and then perceived, coming deliberately down the ladder, a pair of short, stout legs, encased in buff small-clothes and gray stockings. The huge buckles of the square-toed shoes shining in the light, together with the long sword dangling noisily against the edge of the ladder, told me instantly our unwelcome visitor was no less a personage than Monsieur Etienne Quilleriez. But for the hot anger stirring my heart at this unseemly interruption, I could have laughed outright at the fellow, as he stood there bowing deeply before those two ladies, his cocked hat grasped firmly in one hand, his other pressed against his heart, his bald head glowing in the candle-flicker, while his puckered face was wreathed into a most engaging smile. Saint Denis! but he had bedecked himself as though expecting to do honors at a bridal, his gay ribbons all a-flutter, a high stock holding his long chin erect, and a blue neckerchief, large enough for a sheet, protruding gaudily the full width of his shoulders. A gleam of intense, overpowering amusement seemed to sweep the unshed tears from out Mademoiselle Rene's eyes as she thus surveyed him, posturing before her like a dancing master, his uncertain gaze shifting from her piquant, upturned face to that calm indifference with which her more silent companion looked upon his antics.

It was plainly enough to be seen, even in that first surprised minute, the fellow felt deeply embarrassed in such company, but whether this hesitation originated within his own mind, or arose from the silent contempt of his reception, I was unable to determine. No doubt it was the former, for Monsieur Quilleriez was not a person to question the potency of his own charms. Yet he very plainly hesitated now, his long, solemn face reddening beneath the steady gaze of those two wondering girls, his lips seemingly unable to frame the sentence he came especially to speak. Faith! but he truly made a picture, standing blinking there in the dim light, his lips half open to give utterance to words that would not come; shifting from one foot to another, yet constantly bowing first to one divinity and then the other, like some play actor who has forgotten his lines. It occurred to me all at once, the possible cause of his rare confusion, and I hastily stuffed the edge of the blanket between my teeth to stifle sound of the laughter which shook me—he had come there to propose; yet still remained uncertain as to which of the two was the heiress. But Mademoiselle had lost her small stock of patience by this time.

"Well, Monsieur Quilleriez," she exclaimed coldly, "we had been led to suppose this apartment was intended to be our own during the night, free from all intrusion. Such was your pledge. May I ask is there some special reason why you should thus force yourself upon us?"

The little man stopped in his posturing, as though she had unwittingly pressed some hidden spring controlling his mechanism.

"Eh, bien!" he stammered in evident uncertainty, yet pressing on with greater ease now he had at last found his voice, "I thought you both might rest more easily through the night if I brought you news regarding the just fate of him whose deep treachery brought you here. Let this be the excuse for my intrusion. 'Tis indeed my sad part to act, for the time being, your jailer, yet kindness was ever a portion of my nature, and I sympathize most tenderly with beauty in distress. It is all over with, Mademoiselles."

"Indeed, what do you mean by that?"

"He has paid the full penalty of deceit." He lied unblushingly, his unwinking eyes upon her. "Yet, as a soldier myself, it is only just for me to state that he met death as becometh a brave man."

"You say he is dead, Monsieur. Do you refer to that French officer who accompanied us hither?"

He bowed, his hand yet pressed close against his heart, but I noted that he had the grace to lower his eyes beneath the keen, inquiring glance she bent upon him.

"It was all over with an hour ago. His last words were a frank confession that he was a mere adventurer—a wandering coureur de bois—who hoped to share in the reward by thus delivering you up to Pontiac."

I was intensely interested by the varied expressions upon those three faces before me—Rene's startled, yet evidently greatly amused; Mademoiselle's stern, her gray eyes grown suddenly dark with indignation; and Monsieur Quilleriez, his sober chin drawn down into such eminently proper gravity. No one answered him, and he went serenely on, his tone becoming more pompous, and his chest swelling out as though the echo of his high-sounding words proportionately increased his feeling of importance.

"Pardieu, Mademoiselles, it was no surprise to me; I knew it would prove so from the first. The fellow had the eye of a criminal, and would never meet my gaze fairly—no doubt he realized that I suspected him, and trembled accordingly. Sacre! but 'tis never easy to fool Etienne Quilleriez. I have seen men, and know well their sly deceits. 'Twas this knowledge which caused me to throw myself so impetuously upon him at the time of our first meeting, and again upon the trail. Holy Mother! but I am too old a soldier to be so rash, were not the cause an excuse for it. But for the interference of those Indians I should have saved you even then from all this discomfort. Such was my sole purpose; for that I fearlessly ventured my life. Alas, the depravity of man! 'tis a sight to make angels weep. Yet even now I possess sufficient power to preserve you both unharmed."

"You, Monsieur? Then why not execute it?"

He hesitated at so direct a query, a bit embarrassed still by her calm scrutiny, yet losing no whit of his own importance.

"There is a slight condition necessary," he admitted finally, playing nervously with the hilt of his sword, and permitting his uneasy, shifting eyes to stray toward the more responsive face of Rene. "As a high official in the councils of Pontiac—I may indeed say his principal lieutenant, the one upon whom he leans for expert military advice—I am compelled by my sacred duty to guard safely those prisoners intrusted to my care. However disagreeable to one of my sympathetic nature, as a faithful soldier I cannot shift my responsibilities; yet even Pontiac would hardly venture to hold any longer as prisoners the wife of Monsieur Quilleriez, and her most intimate companion."

The cat was at last out of the bag. I caught the quick, surprised glances flashed instantly between the two, the gleam of merriment in the brown eyes, the glitter of scorn in the gray.

"Your wife, Monsieur? In truth, you greatly honor us; yet from your speech there remains some doubt as to which this gracious offer may be intended for—your words seem directed toward me, while your eyes follow Mademoiselle Rene. It might be well to relieve our painful uncertainty."

The underlying sarcasm in these quietly spoken words, the intense indignation thrilling through them, were utterly wasted upon the fellow. Yet he knew not exactly how best to gain that special information he required to guide more definite speech, and twisted uneasily, his face a picture of perplexity as he surveyed them.

"Pardieu! 'tis indeed most difficult to determine, Mesdemoiselles," he confessed at last. "Like the ball in lacross I am driven backward and forward by beholding so much beauty. 'Tis a choice such as would try the heart of any man, susceptible as am I to female loveliness. Possibly before we decide upon so momentous a matter it would be as well for me to lay before you both certain documents I possess of interest and value."

He fumbled solemnly within the breast of his coat, and finally drew forth two papers, both deeply creased and somewhat soiled from much handling. Holding these closely in his finger, his eyes shifted from the one girl to the other. He must have decided upon Rene as best adapted to his purpose, for he stepped suddenly forward and extended the papers toward her.

"Kindly read these aloud, Mademoiselle, so that both may comprehend their import," he said, with a low bow, sweeping the earthen floor with his hat. "'Tis few enough in these degenerate days who could produce testimonials of such value."

She accepted them gingerly, her dark eyes filled with wonderment. I saw her glance at the writing, her lips trembling. Then she looked up once more into that solemnly observant face.

"I do not wholly comprehend," she said doubtingly. "This sounds most odd—am I to read it aloud, exactly as it is written, Monsieur?"

"Word for word," and he expanded his chest proudly. "I would have you both realize the true value of him who now bows humbly before you."

She read slowly, no doubt experiencing some difficulty in deciphering the strange handwriting, her clear voice, as she proceeded, thrilling to the utter absurdity of the whole thing, while Monsieur Quilleriez watched her with solemn admiration.

"This writing certifies that Monsieur Etienne Quilleriez, of Pointe Rocher, has been my true and loyal husband for the space of three years and seven months, we having been duly joined together by the parish priest at Three Rivers, according to rites of Holy Church, 10 July, 1742. I do hereby, of my own free will and desire, confess him a good provider, and most entertaining companion.

"JOSETTE QUILLERIEZ."

Monsieur Quilleriez nodded gravely, and with approval, as the puzzled girls glanced curiously up into his face, then deliberately extracted a huge red handkerchief from out the interior of his hat.

"She—she was the first," he said solemnly, wiping his eyes. "That was given the night before she died—it was a fever, and the doctor had broken his leg and couldn't come."

"The first? Do you truly mean she was your wife, Monsieur?"

"Ay, a most sweet and tender bud in her younger days, but later developing a temper which I was often compelled to humor from love of peace in the family. She was so weak that only her great affection for me enabled her to write her name thereon."

"But the handwriting? surely 'tis not all the same, Monsieur?"

"True; the first portion is my own. A very pretty script even then, although I have improved greatly since. It was to be regretted, but poor Josette had been much neglected in her earlier years, and could barely spell her own name. Her father was a fur-trader along the Ottawa, and not greatly given to books. To me, with my passion for learning, and genial social disposition, it was quite embarrassing at times, Mademoiselle, as you will readily conceive, yet I bore it with patience, for it was not her fault, and she truly loved me."

"Do you mean to tell us that your poor wife signed such a paper as that upon her deathbed, Monsieur?" broke in Alene, her face exhibiting her surprise and indignation.

"It was a pleasure to her at that moment of final departure from the vain things of earth to attest thus her abiding love," he answered meekly, turning toward this new questioner as though welcoming the interruption, rejoicing at the interest thus awakened. "Although unable to speak, her eyes evidenced the comfort it brought. The delirium had left her, Mademoiselle, and she had fully regained her normal mind. It is often so in cases of fever."

He turned again to face the hesitating Rene, his whole appearance that of easy complacency, although he yet held his handkerchief pressed against his eyes.

"Will you kindly read aloud the contents of the second paper, Mademoiselle? I pray you pardon my deep agitation, but all this brings before me so many tender recollections of the past."

"We could spare you the necessity, Monsieur."

He waved his hands as though thus easting the temptation from him.

"No, Mademoiselle, 'tis but a moment of weakness, nor is it wholly without pleasure, the remembrance of good deeds done. I beg you read on, and I will strive to exercise greater control over myself."

She opened the paper slowly, struggling, as I could plainly perceive, to smother a strong inclination to laugh outright in his face.

"Why, this is the same, Monsieur."

"Not altogether; there will be found a slight change in the wording, for I possess just pride in the employment of different phraseology. 'Tis a poor scholar who repeats even the same thought twice exactly alike. You will also detect a variation in the signature, as well as the dates. Pray read on, Mademoiselle."

"This paper bears witness that I, Marie Croteau, of Saint Regis, was united in the Holy Bonds of Matrimony to Monsieur Etienne Quilleriez by the Abbe in charge of that parish, 23 October, 1747, and that he has ever since been a faithful husband and father. I especially commend him for the possession of a loving heart, and an agreeable presence. I have also found him most liberal.

"MARIE QUILLERIEZ."

"You see, ladies," and he lifted his hands as if in benediction, "it is ever the same; no tender heart has aught to fear from trusting in Etienne Quilleriez."

"And did she also affix her signature to such a document while upon the deathbed?"

"Ah—ah, well, not exactly, Mademoiselle," and he stammered slightly, as from excess of feeling. "You see it was during a sickness, and I thought it would be better to have it safely executed, lest she might not recover. It was eight months later when she caught the cold which left me a widower. But, believe me, her heart was just as true until the last."

"You have been twice married then, Monsieur?"

He stopped instantly in his posturing, and had recourse once again to his handkerchief.

"Three times, Mademoiselle; there was also Toinette La France, a most vivacious spirit."

"But there are only two certificates here. Would she not sign, Monsieur? or, terrible thought, can it be that you are yet married, and venture to approach us with words of love?"

"Non, non, Mademoiselle; it was not that; it was my misfortune. Alas! 't was not the fault of poor Toinette, for never was husband more beloved. She could scarcely live out of my sight, but she fell down the cellar stairs while I was away in the north, and died that same evening. Had those with her but known, there was such a certificate ready drawn within my writing desk, and it would have proven such a comfort to her could she only have signed it. As it is, you must take my word," and he lifted his shoulders, and spread his hands appealingly.

For a moment there was profound silence. It was plain to be seen that all this greatly amused Rene, while it was much more of an annoyance to Mademoiselle. Monsieur Quilleriez, confident in the deep impression he had made, hesitated to press his advantage, confused still between the claims of the two.

"And you really seek after yet another to share your home," questioned Rene, her dark eyes bubbling over, "but know not which of us you desire the most? Fie, Monsieur; I should be afraid you would prove fickle at heart, if the decision is so difficult. Besides, there would be matters I should wish to know about, if, by any chance, your final choice should fall upon me. You hinted gently at having children. Monsieur; how large is that brood I might then be expected to mother?"

"There are five olive branches living," he responded gravely, but with his eyes shifting uneasily from the face of his questioner to that other which did not smile, "but the oldest has reached an age which will remove him from consideration. They are all most dutiful and obedient children; in personal appearance they greatly resemble me, possessing my sympathetic disposition, and being talented socially. You would enjoy being with them."

He paused as if waiting for some fresh word of encouragement, but Mademoiselle merely stared at him as though he had been some animal utterly beneath contempt, while it was plain enough Rene durst not unlock her lips lest she emit a peal of laughter. I saw the fellow choke down a lump in his throat, and step forward, evidently determined at last to put his fate to the touch.

"Fair maids of England," he began, his face reddening, and perspiration commencing to bead his forehead, "I have placed all this privately before you in order that you might fully realize the loving and pliable nature of the one who now lays his life at your feet. Seeing me, as you have heretofore, arrayed in the grim garb of war, and intimately associated with ferocious savages upon the warpath, you may have deemed me unduly bloodthirsty, and I therefore felt it better to afford you a glimpse of my more quiet and domestic virtues, as an aid to your final decision. And—and I trust you will not permit the slight difference in nationality to remain as a bar between us. What could be a fairer picture than the draping together of the red banner with the fleur de lis. It might even make for peace between the nations when it became noised abroad that I, Etenne Quilleriez, intendent militaire for Pontiac, had espoused an English colonel's daughter."

"Ah, then," Rene exclaimed, her laughter rippling forth like a bird song, and springing to her feet as if unable to remain quiet any longer, "so it is the English colonel's daughter you seek for the honor of becoming the fourth Madame Quilleriez? Poof! and you know not which of us two that may be? Do not look at me like that, Monsieur, for if you knew well the English people, you would be aware that such a hoydenish romp as I could never by any chance hope to grace the peerage of that proud and dignified nation. But reflect, Monsieur, with what graciousness and charm Mademoiselle yonder would preside in Castle Quilleriez, and with what tender care she would minister unto your infant progeny. How can you longer hesitate, and waste your words and bows upon so insignificant a little commoner as I?"

I doubt if the smirking creature ever heard her raillery; he had caught enough, however, to solve his last lingering doubts as to which of these two was the English heiress; and as Alene rose indignantly to her feet, her cheeks aflame, her eyes glowing, he flung himself directly in front of her upon his knees, his hand pressing his heart, his eyes pleadingly upturned.

"Mademoiselle, it is I, Etienne Quilleriez, who thus places at your feet his heart and hand," he exclaimed anxiously. "Spurn me not! for never before—I swear it—have my affections gone fully and fervently forth to one of your sex; nor deem me unworthy of such an alliance, for the blood of Quilleriez is among the noblest of France. I, Mademoiselle, I, who now kneel humbly before you, am third cousin to a Marquis, and have gazed upon the face of the King. I pray you smile upon me, fair mistress! It is a soldier, a man of wealth and influence, who thus prostrates himself for your favor; no penniless adventurer, but one connected by ties of blood with the ancient noblesse of France, the rulers of kingdoms."

For the moment, as he rattled on, his tongue faltering in choice words, my lady gazed down upon him in disdain, her lips parted as if she would hush his clamor, her dress drawn back that it might not be polluted by his touch. She towered above that kneeling wretch like some fair statue, her fingers clinched, her gray eyes open wide with the speechless indignation that held her. Then suddenly she moved, her resolution taken, her contempt driving her into action. Grasping the robe on which she had been sitting, with one hasty movement she cast it over the head of the half prostrate Commissary, smothering that surprised and ardent suitor beneath its thick, enveloping folds, and bearing him, kicking and sputtering, to the floor. With one swift leap from out my concealment I sprang past her, and flinging myself prone across the struggling hero, shut off instantly his feeble call for help.

(To be Continued.)

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JAPANESE WORKMEN

Asre Great Lovers of Nature—Wag of the Laborer.

The average monthly income of the Japanese workman is now something less than $8. And this is a high average. On this a Japanese of the laboring class can keep a family of five or six in comfort and cleanliness and enjoy all the simple pleasures dear to the Japanese heart. These pleasures do not consist of feasting and drinking to excess and going to places of amusement, but are teh pleasures afforded to a peculiar and complete love of Nature in all her moods. "Flower gazing" is the Japanese expression, and "flower gazing" costs nothing to the family that is willing to tramp any number of miles to reach some spot particularly beautiful by a luxuriant display of one of the season's flowers which, in their turn, fill every month from the New Year to the New Year. On these expeditions, which we would call picnics, the family takes its allowance of rice and tea, of fish and small pickled vegetables, and its feast is only such as it usually enjoys at home. The Japanese laborer works on an average 26 days each month, and his hours are ordinarily from sun to sun. He doesn't work as hard as his brother in the west, he doesn't accomplish as much in a given time, not by any means; but he does his work thoroughly, he is efficient, as a rule, and his pay has always been sufficient for his needs.

He lives in a neat little house of two rooms, spotlessly clean and simple to absolute bareness. For this he pays something like $1 a month, and, thanks to the kindly climate of his land, he knows nearly nothing about the expense of fuel, a little charcoal for a tiny hibachi is all he needs, and his cooking can be done on this or on a less ornamental one in a wee bit of an additional room called the kitchen. His charcoal and light together cost him less than $1.25 a month, and for this he has all the fuel and light he finds necessary. He knows nothing about the sting of a rigid economy. Rice costs him more than anything else. He has to pay about $3 for enough of this commodity to keep his family a month, and his only hardship really is that his income is not sufficient to provide for him the little luxuries of diet that his more fortunate brothers enjoy. And he has his fish and vegetables, too, each costing him a little less than $1 a month; and after everything is paid for he still has enough left for a small supply of sake, for tobacco, hair cutting and shaving, for the hair dressing of the women of his family, and for the daily hot bath in a neighboring public bathhouse that is so necessary to the well being of every Japanese. Considering all this, it is easy to see how much can be done with the funds so generously subscribed by Americans in answer to the appeal recently made by our President. While their demands are so simple, surely the big, rich world will not allow these little people to suffer from actual hunger.—Eleanor Franklin, in Leslie's Weekly.

ONE IN THREE

Every Third Person Poisoned by Coffee.

It is difficult to make people believe that coffee is an absolute poison to at least one person out of every three, but people are slowly finding it out, although thousands of them suffer terribly before they discover the fact.

A New York hotel man says: "Each time after drinking coffee I became restless, nervous and excited, so that I was unable to sit five minutes in one place, was also inclined to vomit and suffered from loss of sleep, which got worse and worse.

"A lady said that perhaps coffee was the cause of my trouble, and suggested that I try Postum Food Coffee. I laughed at the thought that coffee hurt me, but she insisted so hard that I finally had some Postum made. I have been using it in place of coffee ever since, for I noticed that all my former nervousness and irritation disappeared. I began to sleep perfectly, and the Postum tasted as good or better than the old coffee, so what was the use of sticking to a beverage that was ruining me?

"One day on an excursion up the country I remarked to a young lady friend on her greatly improved appearance. She explained that some time before she had quit using coffee and taken Postum. She had gained a number of pounds and her former palpitation of the heart, humming in the ears, trembling of the hands and legs and other disagreeable feelings had disappeared. She recommended me to quit coffee and take Postum and was very much surprised to find that I had already made the change.

"She said her brother had also received great benefits from leaving off coffee and taking on Postum Food Coffee."

"There's a reason."

The Farmstead

Questions for Answers.

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting the results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible:

I wish I could learn through the Farmstead what is the matter with my Damson plums. They grow to about the size of a pea and then fall off. The trees seem to be in good health.—D., Doak, West Virginia.

Will someone tell me, through The Blade, how to care for a Rex Begonia? I have one two years old, and it will grow about five or six inches high and the leaves become very nearly as large as my hand; then the leaves begin to die around the edges and the whole leaf will dry up. Does it require much water and sunshine?—H., Milo, Ia.

Please give a cure for gapes in chickens.—H., Hicks Run, Pa.

Editor Farmstead:—I would like to ask, through your most valued paper, if some reader of the Farmstead department can give me directions as to how deep a trench to dig, what to fill in with and, most important, how to proportion cement and sand to make a walk that will stand the winters. I would be pleased to hear from someone who has had experience.—W., Moons, O.

I would like to know a way to destroy the bugs that eat young cucumber vines when they are a week or ten days through the ground.—W., Moons, O.

Will some reader of the Farmstead give a formula for feeding incubator chicks, when first hatched, and how soon should they be fed first after being hatched? I would like an immediate reply, as I will have some on in a couple of weeks. What is considered the best to feed for the first few days?—L., Vandalia, Mich.

For Horse Colic.

I see that G., Bancherand, Ia., asks for a cure for colic in horses, and see that H., Starbuck, Wash., says to give a drench through the nostrils. Now, I want to remonstrate against any such cruelty, for I think if he will try to take home medicine in that way he will never give any more to a horse in that manner. I will give my remedy, which I have used in my practice for years for colic: Sweet spirits nitre, 1 oz.; tincture of laudanum, 1 oz.; ginger and common soda, 1 teaspoonful. Give as a drench, but drench through the mouth.—T., Ravenswood, W. Va.

Simple Chicken Mite Remedy.

Editor Farmstead:—I have seen several inquiries for a simple chicken mite exterminator. Here is one that has never failed me: Take a pickle jar, place a handful of sulphur inside, then fill the jar with common lamp oil; don't cork, but hang inside of room, and all mites will disappear.—B.

For the Squash Beetle.

M., Hoalt, W. Va.: One teacup of coal oil in a

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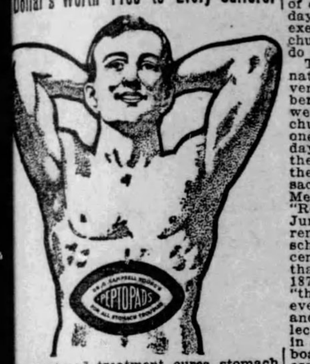

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QUESTION BUREAU?

ULES—1.—Your real name and post- e address must be on the sheet with question. Initials will not do. 2.— k only one question; that is, there y be several questions on the same bject, but not different subjects. 3.— e editor of the Bureau is not allowed give the address of any person or m, nor answer as to the reliability of person or firm, nor to tell where can buy anything or sell anything othing in the way of free advertis- . 4.—We reserve the right to decline nswer any question not of general erest to a majority of our readers. We will not answer any questions religious topics — no questions in- ving dogma or doctrine, or of Bib- l interpretation; no prices of old ns or stamps; no arithmetical or mmatical questions. 6.—Don't ask lies by mail. If a question is of gen- l interest to our readers, we will re- in print, but never by mail.

e Snowbird.

Editor Question Bureau: I want to something about the snowbirds. ey disappeared in southern Indi- about April 12 or 15.—J. T., Elon, liana.

The snowbird is a North American ch of the genus Junco, in which plumage is not streaked, and the marginal feathers of the tail are ite. They are northern birds, the tern ones breeding north of the at lakes only on the tops of moun- ns, and the several western species habiting Canada and the peaks of Rocky and Pacific coast mountains, king their nests on the ground. ey appear in the middle districts ut the time of the first snowfall. remain as familiar winter resi- ts. The common Junco hyemalis of United States, east of the Mis- ppi, is 6¼ inches long; grayish or k ashy black all over the head k and upper parts, with the breast, ly and under tail coverts, and the t and second external tail feathers ite. Western species, such as the gon snowbird, exhibit a greater or samount of chestnut tints in the mage. They utter a sharp, chirping es in winter, but sing prettily dur- the breeding season.

al Leicester Ford Murdered.

Editor Question Bureau: What be- ne of Paul Leicester Ford, the au- r? Was he murdered?—E. B. W., eenville, Ill.

Paul Leicester Ford, the novelist, s murdered by his brother, Malcolm bster Ford. The tragedy took place the victim's own home, in New York y, May 8, 1902. Malcolm Ford, after shooting, took his own life.

eph Le Conte.

Editor Question Bureau: Please give biographical sketch of Joseph Le nte, the geologist.—E. C. G., Aska, rgia.

Joseph Le Conte was born in Lib- y county, Georgia, February 26, 1823. was a son of Lewis Le Conte. He graduated from Franklin college, in 1841, from the College of Phy- ans and Surgeons, New York, in 3. He practiced medicine at Macon, in 1850, became a pupil of Louis assiz, whom he accompanied on an edition to Florida, and later was fessor of natural science in Ogle- rpe university, Ga., of natural his- y in Franklin college. In 1856-69 was professor of chemistry and logy in the University of South olina, from 1869 until his death d the chair of geology in the Uni- sity of California. During the civil he was chemist in the Confederate oratory and later in the nitre and er bureau at Columbia, S. C. He s vice president of the International ological congress in 1891, and presi- t of the American Association for Advancement of Science in 1892. contributions to geology include determination of the character and of the Cascade range; the descrip- n of the ancient glaciers of the ra Nevada; the development of at is called the "contractional ory" in mountain building; and re- rches in vein formation. He wrote on optics, philosophy, biology, and er subjects. He was an editor of Journal of Geology and Science. best known book was Elements Geology. He died in Yosemite Val- Cal., July 6, 1901.

e Canada Thistle.

Editor Question Bureau:—Will you se tell something about the Canada tle, its native country, etc.?—F. A. P., vders, Ill.

The Canada thistle is a native of Eu- e. It spreads both by its seeds and perennial creeping rootstocks, every gment of which is capable of propagat- a new plant. The sure remedy and gard against this bothersome plant persistent cultivation. It is a slender h about three feet tall and has num- us small purpleish-pink flower heads.

ns Hopkins.

Editor Question Bureau:—Will you give sketch of Johns Hopkins?—C. N., Cedar- e, W. Va.

Johns Hopkins was born in Anne Arun- l county, Md., May 19, 1795, of Quaker ntage. He was given a fair education the training of a farmer. At 17 he t to Baltimore, there became a grocer, in 1822 founded the house of Hopkins Brothers. He built up a trade in yland, Virginia and North Carolina, ing practically a monopoly in the latter. retired in 1847 with a large fortune, ich he employed in banking and rail- y operations. In 1873 he gave property th $4,500,000 to found a free hospital; presented Baltimore with a public park, also gave over $3,000,000 to found the ns Hopkins University in Baltimore.

on Munchausen.

Editor Question Bureau:—Will you kind- give a sketch of Baron Munchausen? e all his stories true?—W. B. V., Lom- c, Cal.

Baron Friedrich Karl Hieronymus nchausen was born in Bodenwerden, nover, in 1720. He was a German sol- r and served in his youth as a cavalry er in the Russian army. He was essed of an adventurous and dare- ll spirit and an imagination that knew bounds. He told wonderful stories of adventures in the Turkish campaign of 1737-9 and became famous as the most unique exaggerator that ever lived. His tales were first compiled by Rudolf Erich Raspe in 1785. The last set compiled in 1872 was done by Shore. The first edition was called "Baron Munchausen's Narrative of His Marvelous Travels and Campaigns in Russia." Munchausen died at Bodenwerder in 1797.

Children's Day.

Editor Question Bureau:—Will you please give the origin of Children's day, its purpose, and anything of interest connected with it?—R. A. C., Murphy, N. C.

Children's day is scarcely more than a quarter of a century old. No one denomination can claim to have originated it. It sprang up within the bosom of a warm Christian atmosphere, freighted with a renewed sense of the importance of childhood. No doubt the modern Sunday school, as the Bible school which has exerted such a marvelous influence on church life and growth, has had much to do with originating this day.

The first action taken by any denomination was that of the Universalist convention, held in Baltimore in September, 1867, as follows: "Resolved, that we commend the practice of those churches in our order that set apart one Sunday in each year as Children's day, when parents bring to the altar their most precious treasures, and give them to the Lord by appropriate and sacred rites." The next was by the Methodist general conference in 1868: "Resolved that the second Sabbath in June be annually observed as Children's day, and that in each Sunday school we attempt the collection of five cents for each child enrolled." And by that same body at the next meeting, in 1872, it became a law with that church, "that the second Sunday in June be everywhere observed as Children's day; and that, wherever practicable, a collection be taken in the Sunday school, in aid of the Sunday school fund of the board of education." The Ecumenical council of London, sent officially to the Methodists in all parts of the world the exhortation, "Let one day in every year be faithfully observed as Children's day." These resolutions, passed by this denomination have been emphasized by others of later date.

In 1883 the Presbyterian body established the day by a hearty vote, saying: "The general assembly hereby designates the second Sabbath in June as Children's day, on which special services for the children shall be held, and the vital topics of Christian nurture and the conversion of the young shall be pressed upon the thought of the entire congregation. That same year the Congregationalists in national council assembled, appointed a committee to further the interests of Sunday school work within the denomination. "This committee addressed a letter to the state associations, requesting among other things that they recommend the observance of the second Sunday in June as Children's Sunday." This action we believe has been taken in all the state bodies of Congregational churches in the United States. The National Council of 1886, approved and adopted this action of its committee. Probably more than one-half the churches hold special services for children on the second Sunday of June, 1897.

Oregon Public Roads.

Editor Question Bureau: Can you give us some information as to how the public roads of Oregon are maintained? Is there a poll tax in that state?—G. W. H., Meadowgrove, Nebr.

The best answer we could possibly give to this inquiry is to reprint portions of a leaflet sent out by the agricultural department, which shows that in 1904 there were 34,258 miles of public roads in the state of Oregon, of which 2,235 miles were surfaced with gravel, 209 miles with stone, and 145 miles with plank, making a total of 2,589 miles of improved road. It will be seen from these figures that about 7½ per cent of the roads has been improved. By comparing the total road mileage with the area of the state, it appears that there was about thirty-six hundredths of a mile of public road per square mile of area. A comparison of mileage with population shows that there was 1 mile of road to every 12 inhabitants, but only 1 mile of improved road to every 159 inhabitants.

The funds used in the construction and repair of roads are derived from two sources—a property tax and a poll tax. The rate of taxation on property for road purposes must not exceed 10 mills on the dollar, though road districts may levy an additional 10 mills for the purpose of making "special" improvements. The levy for each county is made by its "county court or commissioners' court," and the rate of taxation varies in the different counties from 1 to 10 mills. Every male inhabitant between the ages of 21 and 50 (unless by law exempt) is required to pay an annual poll tax of $3 for road purposes. As a matter of fact the poll tax generates to a large extent as a statute labor law, since in many instances the tax appears to have been paid in labor performed on the road instead of in cash.

The amount of road funds derived from the property tax was $649,717.97 in 1904, and the amount of the poll tax was $146,658; the total revenue from both sources being $796,375.97. By comparing the total revenue with the total mileage of public roads and with the population of the state, it appears that the funds collected and expended for road purposes amounted to $23.24 per mile of public road, or $1.92 per inhabitant.

Prehistoric Times.

Editor Question Bureau:—Will you please explain how the dates of prehistoric times were kept and how are they determined now when found? For instance, in the case of King Namar, or the statue, which was unearthed, and you claim dates we found going back 4315 years B. C. I do not doubt it myself, but most people do, and say it is all guesswork.—W. C. G., Akron, O.

Do not be too ambitious to make certain people believe that which they obstinately refuse to credit. There are those who have faith in Biblical history, but doubt everything not found there. During recent years the tombs of Egyptian kings have been opened and an insight as to the beginnings of history has been revealed. Among the remarkable things found were a carved slate slab showing a king smiting his enemy, an ebony table, a bar of gold, gold jewelry, including bracelets, and a royal sceptre. The oldest group of jewelry in the world is undoubtedly the four bracelets of the queen of King Zer (4715 B. C.), which was discovered with a portion of the mummy in a hole in the wall. In these discoveries are the evidences of a perfection of art, and in considering them the mind must go back to the years that the newest planned before the Egyptian intellect and skill could produce these treasures. The life habits of prehistoric man, as well as his antiquity on the earth, are known from fossil remains of various sorts. Tools and hunting weapons, bones of tropical fauna and remains of man are found in the gravel beds of western Europe. It apparently follows that man antedated the glacial period, inasmuch as this tropical fauna was there previous to the ice age, and since remains of glacial fauna, together with human remains, occur in later geological deposits. Thus the question of the antiquity of man becomes the simpler question of the date of the ice age, and the answer is 60,000 years at least. The study of languages also gives a similar view of man's antiquity. The philologist asked how long he thinks mankind to have existed, answers that it must have been long enough for human speech to have grown from the earliest beginnings into elaborate languages, and for these, in their turn, to have developed into families spread far and wide over the world. This immense work had already been accomplished in ages before the earliest inscriptions in Egypt, Babylon, Assyria, Phenicia, Persia, and for those show the great families of human speech already in existence. From the earliest times when civilized men began to explore distant regions, they found everywhere other races of men already established. Not only every continent, but with rare exceptions, every habitable island has been found peopled. Birds and beasts anod fishes might differ from those with which the explorer was familiar in his own country, but the man he found was always recognizable as an unmistakable representative of the human race. When Columbus discovered the new world, the people he found here must have convinced him that it was indeed a very old world.

The Moros as Fighters.

Editor Question Bureau: Would you kindly tell something about the character of the Moros as warriors, these brown men who have given our soldiers in the Philippines much work to do?—T. J. P.,

The best reply to this question may be had from a recent magazine article from one who has had occasion to study the Moros. It says in part:

The Moros are of an order much lower than that of any class of human beings in the United States. Unspeakably filthy in their habits, treacherous and cruel, they compare neither with the Indians nor with the Southern negroes. They are ignorant and superstitious. About a year ago a force, under the strong chief Hatal, surrendered to General Wood a tremendous position on the Bud Kausukan without firing a shot, and gave up all their priceless rifles, because the night before a navy torpedo-boat destroyer had flashed its searchlights on the fortifications from the sea, and the terrified defenders imagined that Providence had been drawn into alliance with their enemies. As warriors, the Moros are fanatics, but, for all that, there is magnificence in their disdain of death. The lonely "juramentado," who takes an oath, shaves his head, binds his limbs and goes out to kill and to be killed, is a type of the undying spirit of the race. I have known such a one thoughtfully to bide his time in a walled city, whence escape was impossible, and when the fit hour had come, to whip out his weapon, and seek only to strike a mortal blow before the merciless rifles about brought him death.

One, by a chance, peddling fruit, cut a soldier down with a broken spear head, was shot to the ground, staggered to his feet, struck once more, and was shot down again, rose a second time, and was then stopped only by a rifle bullet through his brain. Another charged to his death, single handed, with his spear and knife, on a company of regular infantry sitting in line with their loaded rifles across their knees. The same wild spirit animates the Moros in a fight. At Pang Pang, where the destruction was very heavy, after the walls had been scaled by our troops, and the works were in the mercy of our arms, time and again the fire was stopped, and the defenders were implored to surrender that their lives might be spared. But pity was scorned with a volley and a rush of gleaming knives.

From the very valley of the shadow always came back the stubborn reply, "We are not of a race that surrenders!" I do not think that anything much finer or more impossible to deal with ever came before any army in the world. When a Jolo Moro goes into his cotta, he goes there to fight to a finish. He is a sporting breeder. He becomes a human tiger. He will cut you down while you seek to dress his wounds. He battles with the fury of a madman, and, if you fight with him, the only salvation for your life is the taking of his. It is a grievous pity that this is so. But it is.

Sir William Wallace.

Editor Question Bureau: Can you tell me if the grave of Sir William Wallace, of Scotland, is marked? Give me the date of his birth and death, and a brief biography of his life.—F. K. M., Spartansburg, Pa.

We can tell you nothing about the grave of Sir William Wallace, the Scottish patriot. There are no authentic records by which much can be learned of the life of Wallace, and the real facts regarding his life are obscured, many instances resting solely on the authority of Blind Harry, who wrote about 200 years after the career of Wallace was ended. It is recorded that Wallace was probably born about 1272, and that he died, beheaded, in the Tower of London, August 24, 1305. A full sketch of Wallace's life has been given in these columns.

Sarah Bernhardt.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you kindly give a brief sketch of the life of Sarah Bernhardt, her place of birth, etc.?—C. P. B., Des Moines, Ia.

Sarah Bernhardt was born in Paris, October 22, 1844. Of Jewish descent, her father French, her mother Dutch, her early life was spent largely in Amsterdam. In 1858 she entered the Paris Conservatoire and gained prizes for tragedy and comedy in 1861 and 1862; but her debut at the Theatre Francais was not a success. After a brief retirement she reappeared at the Gymnase and the Porte Saint-Martin in burlesque, and in 1867 at the Odeon in higher drama. After meeting with success in 1872 she was recalled to the Theatre Francais, since which time she has proved her dramatic genius. In 1882 she married M. Damala, a Greek, whom she divorced not long afterward. She is also known as a sculptor, painter and playwright.

Miscellaneous.

J. B., Borland, W. Va.: Our understanding of a Campbellite is one who is a member of the Campbellite, or Disciple church, a follower of Alexander Campbell. So far as these columns are concerned that question has been closed.

W. H. L., Plainville, Ind.: Sylvester Lamb, member of the Ohio senate, is about 58 years of age. He was originally a Democrat, his father having been a Democrat, but was elected to his present office as an Independent.

H. R. H., Conover, O.: The poem, "Rock Me to Sleep," was written by Elizabeth Akers Allen.

HOW TO MAKE ONE'S OWN "BOUQUET."

As every woman has her own peculiar way of adapting to herself the prevailing style of dress, so, in the use of a perfume, she may be able to possess a unique "bouquet" which suits her own taste, and which cannot be procured by another, not even her most intimate friend. By this "bouquet" is not meant flowers gathered into a bunch, or arranged in a vase, but rather the extracts of flowers known to every one, which when combined produce something quite rare and unusual in the way of a perfume.

This novel experiment will commend itself to women who are fond of individuality in whatever pertains to matters of the toilet. Dainty laces, silks and velvets suggest to our minds an accompanying delicate flower-like fragrance, and this suggestion of an indefinable sweetness is quite in keeping with the most refined taste.

Only the extracts of good perfumes should be used. What is more objectionable than for a woman to leave a strong odor of rank perfume behind her, like a passing automobile?

A French perfumer tells us that violet, iris and ambrette are used as the base of many mixtures, and gives the following combinations which will produce most unexpected surprises in fragrance.

The orchid and iris combined make a delightful and delicate perfume. Peau d'Espagne, whose perfume is said to accelerate the heart action, will lose itself "coquettishly" in amber or the orchid. Magnolia, which is quite rare, blends in wonderful sweetness with mignonette; wood-violet or white carnation. And the famous "Ylang-Ylang" becomes unrecognizable when one adds to some drops of iris, amber or jasmine. Heliotrope offers many possibilities when, "allied" to other essences.

These are only a few specimens of what may be done, and the suggestion of their sweetness quite tempts one to the effort of seeking something still undiscovered in perfume.

It will be wise to use small vials when working in the improvised laboratory, as several experiments will doubtless be necessary before one is able to combine two or three extracts in just the right proportions.

A delightful toilet water may be made by breaking the rot of Italian orris in small bits, putting it into a bottle filled with pure alcohol and allowing it to stand in the sun for several weeks.

When a desired perfume has been found, a sachet can be made by pouring several drops in a piece of rough pumice stone. This will retain the fragrance for a long time and is conveniently tucked away in the corner of a drawer, where it will diffuse just a faint suspicion of sweetness to the clothing.

In making a "bouquet," as in making a garden, it is necessary to choose the flowers one loves most and harmonize them in such a manner that one may be the proud possessor of an entirely original perfume, which belongs exclusively to its originator.

CHINESE STUDENTS' LOVING CUP

Mr. Henry D. Fearing gave an informal reception to the Chinese students in Amherst. The object of the reception was that the boys might have an opportunity to inspect a loving cup presented during the week by Sir Chentung Liang Cheng, the Chinese minister, in behalf of the Chinese students in Amherst. This cup is an extraordinary piece of Chinese workmanship and has been presented to Mr. Fearing as a testimonial of their appreciation of the care and attention he has given them during their sojourn in Amherst. It has been in the course of manufacture since last summer. The boys made plans for this gift during the summer and consulted the ambassador in regard to having such a present made. The minister from their ideas and plans drew up a design from which the gift has been made. From handle to handle it measures twenty inches. It is made of beaten silver and lined with gold. The handles are curved dragons. There are three panels on each side, the center one containing shields encircled by dragons. One of these panels bears the English inscription, "Presented to Mr. Henry D. Fearing by the Chinese students in Amherst, Mass., 1906." The shield on the opposite panel is inscribed with the names in Chinese of the donors and the name of Mr. Fearing. The donors are Liang Hui, Liang Lai Kwai, Jew Huan, Liang Wen Chi, Wong Yik Sing, Tsai Kno Tsoa, Chun Yew Wing, Liang Chien, Lo King Ching, Lo Poa Yew, Yung Hing Yin and Liang Hink Yuen.—Boston Transcript.

He Drew a Crowd.

On a prominent downtown corner recently a well-dressed young man stopped and began to gaze at the ground, as though he had lost something. He looked up and down the gutter, than all over the sidewalk. Now and then he'd push some small piece of dirt aside with his foot, as though to look underneath. People began to notice him. First a small boy stopped and began to scan the ground. Then a man stopped; then a woman, and in less than two minutes possibly fifty persons were watching the man, who was apparently, looking for something. Up to this point nobody had spoken to him. Suddenly he stopped looking downward and began counting those around him. Finishing the count he called to a friend across the street, leaning against a pole:

"I knew I could do it," he said.

"How many?" asked his friend.

"Fifty-three."

Just then a little, old man, with a squeaky voice, spoke up: "What's the matter, mister?" he said. "Lost something?"

"Oh, no," was the reply, as the other moved away. "I bet my friend that by simply looking downward and saying nothing I could have fifty chumps around me in two minutes. I beat it by three."

The crowd grumbled and scowled, but the young man was gone before harm could reach him.—Denver Post.

THEIR WEDDED LOT.

—BY— ELIZABETH AYRES

In the beginning of their married life she found nothing to complain of in Will. He was as eagerly devoted as in the days of their courtship when he was a rapid, irresistible lover who swept her off her feet, and married her without giving her time to taste the sweets of anticipation in contemplating their future happiness.

When the wonder of having her with him constantly began to wear away—not because he loved her less, but because she was his, and he was hers, so long as they both should live—unconsciously the eagerness of his devotion dwindled and he found himself capable of taking interest in things apart from his home. His increased expenses necessitated close attention to his business, and he was once more alive to the pleasures of friendship with the men who were his comrades before his marriage with Alice. He had won her; she was his wife, and the strain of uncertainty was lifted. He was sure of her, and, knowing his own fidelity, he had no thought that she, with her supersensitive nature, might find cause to doubt.

Alice was not a weak woman, but she was untutored. She had the tragic temperament that is prone to lift life's happenings to a lofty plane of joys and sorrows. Because she had not learned to live for the day, she was always troubling her brain with the problem of what might happen tomorrow. She could not so quickly as Will adjust herself to the prosaic realities of married life, and she wanted the conditions of their wooing to continue indefinitely. Her mental attitude toward him prompted the desire to imprison him where none else might have his society, and she alone should be the sum total of his existence.

Will was a man who enjoyed contact with his fellow-beings, though he really attracted people more than they did him. He had a genial, whole-hearted way, and a generous kindliness that frequently won him more than he sought.

The first time he did not return home at the hour he was expected and failed to send word explaining his delay, was a calamitous moment with Alice. Fears of what might have befallen tortured her to a tempest of weeping that left her nerves unstrung and her pretty face blotched and swollen. Will found her thus, tear-sodden and wretched, when he came in, filled with the exhilaration of a successful business transaction which had kept him later than usual.

Alice was like a wet blanket upon the fire of his spirits. It was in his mind to tell her all that had happened, of the hopes that were realized and of his bright prospects for the future.

"Why, Alice, girl," he exclaimed in alarm when he saw her, "what is the matter?"

"You are so late," she sobbed, her voice quavering away in a pathetic little zigzag. "I was frightened."

He took her in his arms and comforted her, touched by this evidence of her great love for him, and the storm passed over and was forgotten.

Alice at home alone all day, caring for no other interests save those vested in Will, fell to pondering over the height and depth and breadth of his love for her and morbidly watched for signs of its waning. She contrasted the circumstances of the past with those of the present. She really saw more of Will before they were married than now. Then, all of his evenings were at her disposal. He would not go anywhere except in her company, and when they were forced to part he lingered and hung on his step as if their parting were forever.

Now he was always in a cheerful hurry when he left her in the morning. Sometimes, at breakfast, he was too much absorbed in his paper or thoughts to talk, and Alice was too proud to force a conversation, so the meal which began the day frequently proved one of those silent, joyless occasions with only the soft tinkle of silver against china or glass to disturb the stillness.

"Come down and take luncheon with me this noon," he often invited, and as often he telephoned before the appointed hour. "We'll have to call it off today, dear. I can't get away from business."

The evenings he spent away from home were few, but they were all too many for Alice. They were generally business engagements he was pledged to fill, or there was an occasional social function he wished to attend at which the masculine element was present only. He told Alice of these affairs and expressed his regret that he must leave her, but she regarded them with a sense of personal injury and tortured her mind with the suspicion that he was finding greater pleasure in others' society than in hers.

"He needn't go unless he wants to," she reasoned, bitterly. So far as Will was aware, their wedded lot was happy. He was so filled with the zest of life he did not realize that Alice had a more sombre vision. She did not reproach him for what she termed his neglect, and though she had grown more distant in her manner, it was not, as yet, sufficiently pronounced to arouse Will's attention.

Will was frank in all he thought and did and he had no hesitancy in speaking what came into his mind. Alice was of a nature that held to a reserve when she felt she was wronged, and brooding over these fancied wrongs of hers, she magnified them to gigantic proportions.

As it too often happens, here were two people living side by side, bound together by law and love, and yet not understanding each other. Will, absolutely unconscious that he was a delinquent, thought and planned and worked for his wife, devoting his energies to promoting her welfare and happiness. Where he made his mistake was in falling out of the habit of protesting his devotion as he had done in the springtide of his love. He kissed Alice good-bye when he went away in the morning, and he kissed her in greeting when he returned in the evening, but from custom, his caress had become a fleeting matter-of-course affair, that Alice, still dwelling in the past, resented.

To Alice, their wedded lot was fast becoming a tragedy. To Will, it was all that it should be and so eminently satisfying that when opportunity arose he remarked to his bachelor friends with certainty and enthusiasm, "The only way for a man to live is to be married."

Will's unfailing good spirits seemed to Alice additional proof of his growing indifference.

"How can he be with me day after day and not know that I am suffering?" she said to herself one morning when she watched him leave the house, whistling a merry tune out of the good-cheer of his spirits.

He had said at parting: "I have to see a man, so I shall be late this evening," making a jest of what was a serious matter to Alice.

"He doesn't care, he doesn't care," she thought, gazing gloomily after her husband's buoyantly-carried figure.

It all seems like a great ado about nothing, but there is no explaining the mystery called woman, the marvels and leaps and bounds of her emotions, or the keyboard of imagination upon which her fancy plays and lingers.

Will "saw his man" and reached home earlier than he had promised. Alice did not hear his approach and he discovered her pacing the floor distractedly, mourning over the grave of her lost hopes and affections.

"In heaven's name, Alice, have you gone crazy?" Will cried, pausing in astonishment on the threshold.

There was cause for his question. Alice, with her disordered hair, her flushed face, her hands hanging straight down and tightly clenched at her sides, seemed like one distraught. Her eyes, when she lifted them to Will's, held an anguished, startled expression and her lips refused to shape the words she strove to utter.

She was not a small woman, but Will, after swiftly crossing the room to where she was shrinking against the wall, resembling some wild thing trapped from the forest, lifted her like a child and bore her to a chair. He seated himself, still holding his wife in his arms, and in his perplexity sought to soothe her. Taken off guard, her doubts weakening under his loving care, she poured out her accumulated trouble of months. And Will, amazed, scarcely believing his hearing, listened in silence.

When she had finished, weak and spent with the force of her emotion, she hid her face against his shoulder as one waiting in fear for a verdict. Will did not speak for a moment. He was stunned by his wife's revelation, the nature of which was something he had never dreamed. The sobbing intake of her breath recalled him to his senses.

"Alice, look at me. Look me in the eyes!" he commanded, gently.

She lifted her head slowly, and as slowly her eyes met those of her husband. She gazed long and searchingly into their clear, honest depths, and what she saw there dispelled the unbelief and questionings upon which she had fed her misery.

"Have a little faith, dear," Will said, simply. "Have a little faith."

THE AGE OF FRIENDS

Gone by When Telephones and Postcards Enter In.

The Vicar of Leeds is evidently of those who think that Cicero's "De Amicitia" needed rewriting in view of the changed conditions of modern life. Dr. Bickersteth said that the rush of modern life was a serious impediment to friendship, and clogged many of the channels through which friendship naturally flowed. Modern conversation was monosyllabic, and correspondence was telegraphic in its brevity, but not epigrammatic in its beauty of diction. Industrial communities were favorable to the growth of friendship, and Lecky rightly showed that veracity was the first virtue in a commercial community, as no character could be regarded with any kind of approbation that lacked truthfulness.

It was important, Dr. Rickersteth added, to study the art of friendship in the hope that a man might at the end of his life count up a few friends and feel that he had not spent his time in vain.

The vicar is assuredly not alone in his view. This is an age in which we have an infinite number of acquaintances, but very few friends. In a sense, every one knows every one else. There are many whose conversation is chiefly made up of "Do you know So-and-So?" the "damnable iteration" of that query has become one of the worst curses of the dinner table.

But knowing people and being friends with them are quite different. To begin with, you take your friends into your confidence. You only take the people you know in to dinner. You would as soon think of telling them your real thoughts as of intrusting them with your investments. Your money affairs are between you and your brother. Your feelings and opinions are between you and your friends.

One reason for the decay of friendship as a settled habit is that there are so few opportunities in the social world of today for interchange of confidences. We never stop long in any one place; we are always "going on" somewhere, or else we are late for luncheon, or the motor is waiting to whisk us away to the other side of Nowhere. The only chance of long, quiet, heart-to-heart talks is in the country, and even in the country houses nowadays the pace is often nearly as killing to friendship as it is in town.

We do not write letters in these days. We confine ourselves to postcards or notes. Even these are being rapidly superseded by the telephone. Now a friendship nurtured over the telephone is unthinkable!

There is another habit of modern life which has nipped many promising plants of friendship in the bud. This is the habit of discussing people's characteristics and peculiarities without reserve. It is the most insidious form of scandal.

It seems, in short, that the age of steadfast lifelong friendships is over. The steady flame of mutual devotion has been replaced by the vesta-like splutter of acquantanceships, extinguished almost as soon as they are lit.—London Daily Mail.

CONSULAR NOTES.

Consul Harris reports from Chemnitz that two German mechanics have invented a clever electric device for changing hymn numbers in churches.

Consul Smith, of Moscow, writes that the Ural gold production for 1905 was 193,644 ounces, a reduction of 7,852 ounces from the 1904 production, caused by labor strikes. The platinum product amounted to 126,792 ounces in 1905, or 4,000 ounces more than in 1904.

The British foreign commerce figures for February are supplied by Vice-Consul-General Westacott, at London. The exports amounted to $140,110,513, or 13.9 per cent. larger than for the same month of 1905. The imports were $221,684,502, or 10.9 per cent. greater than in February, 1905.

Consul Chilton sends an extract from the Toronto Globe which states that "there seem to be no limits to the growth of Canada's foreign trade. For the eight months ending Feb. 28 it amounted to $358,277,966, a gain over the same period of the year preceding of $51,517,584. Domestic exports exhibited an improvement of nearly $30,000,000 and imports a gain of $16,000,000."

American incubators and brooders, according to Consul Dunning, have a field in Lombardy. Poultry is one of the main products, but the stock is deficient in quality and shows lack of scientific methods, both in brooding and feeding. An American incubator was tried in one of the agricultural institutes in Milan, but the effort was half-hearted, and as the matter was entirely in the hands of local officials no successful results came from the tests.

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Recent Literature.

The following books have been received by The Blade from the publishers named. For further information address the publishers, not us:

From D. Appleton & Co., New York:

In the Shadow, by Henry C. Rowland, is a novel which, in manner, is connected with the race problems of the south. Part of the scenes are in England and a wealthy, full-blooded black from Hayti plays a large part in the striking incidents of the story.

The Triumphs of Eugene Valmont names a collection of detective stories written by Robert Barr, which are represented as the personal account of a private dectective's adventures while solving the mysteries of crimes and their perpetrators.

The stories are admirable types of their kind and are sure to interest readers of detective "yarns."

The House by the Bridge is a lively story of English life by M. G. Easton. A little girl, orphaned in India, is sent to the father's relatives in England to be cared for. In the opening chapter she arrives at the house of one known to her as Aunt Deborah, a strong, masculine sort of woman, not well calculated to win love.

A mystery connected with the House by the Bridge, as her aunt's home is called, and a pretty love tale heightens the interest of the entertaining story. John Lane, New York.

The new novel by James Ball Naylor is The Kentuckian, a story describing homespun life in southern Ohio in the early sixties. The villainies of a gang of horse thieves, a conspiracy to rob an orphan girl of her inheritance and premonitory rumblings of the civil war are events described.

The novel is illustrated and is published by The C. M. Clarke Co., Boston.

An eventful story of love and adventure in the early days of Texas and the southwest is related in the novel entitled The Throwback, written by Alfred Henry Lewis, with the spirit and humor which made his Wolfville days so popular.

Indian fighting, daring deeds of cowboy life, a search for buried treasure, descriptions of Mexican festivities and tournaments, incidents of Mexican treachery and revenge, and a love story are involved in the plot. The Outing Publishing Co., New York.

A volume which stands apart by reason of its difference to the great mass of fiction, is Nemone, a story of Roman Britian, written by C. Bryson Taylor. The novel is a vivid picture of what life may have been in the far-off days when the Romans ruled England, and while the tale is very long, it is written in a manner which engages attention from the first to the closing pages.

The romance is given a handsome setting with borders, initials and headpieces in tint, and five appropriate pictures in full color. It is published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

The 1906 issue of Social Progress, edited by Dr. Josiah Strong, has just been published and contains many interesting items concerning the social advance of the world. The volume is international in its scope and encyclopedic in its information, condensing between its covers a wealth of statistics and knowledge regarding economic, industrial, social and religious conditions as they prevail in the United States and foreign countries. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York.

In view of the present discussion regarding municipal ownership of the public service industries, the volume entitled Municipal Ownership in Great Britain, written by Hugo R. Meyer, should be of widespread interest and value.

The book embodies Mr. Meyer's investigations of the tram system in Great Britain, beginning with the history of street railways in the great cities of England and Scotland, and argues that municipal ownership has not proved a success. The Macmillan Co., New York.

VERISIMILITUDE AND VITALITY IN FICTION

The novel proper is a composition in character, and its legitimate field is the illustration of human life. The novelist's ideal must be to create actual beings, of unmistakable, indestructible individuality; who act and feel according to the law of their own natures, whose experiences may be tested by the most universal philosophy.

In other words, his dramatis personae must be persons and not types, his method must be portraiture and not photography, his circumstances must be subsidiary and not dominant.

Fiction is one of many mediums for the expression of ideas; and the prose story, like the humanity it represents, consists of two elements which are equally essential to its verisimilitude and its vitality—the one spiritual and permanent, the other material and accidental. Those who allow their costumes or events to form their whole subject matter produce only the "study in local color," a freak of the artistic imagination.

Now the writers of the Kailyard school offend most grievously against this established canon. They are the slaves of dialect. Their accuracy is unimpeachable. But characters are not built upon intonation, and the passions cultivate short pipes.

One has only to recall the glorious gallery of men and women fresh in the memory from Scott's pages, and the creations of these laborious scene painters will vanish away into thin air. Our shelves are filled indeed with ingenious phonograph records of idiom and manners beyond the Tweed; but what do we know, at least from such a source, of Highlander or Lowlander—his inheritance from history, his grasp of life? They have given us no romance to stir the blood, no angel visitant to the land of memory.—R. Brimley Johnson in the Critic.

"MARKETS AND MISERY;" PLEA FOR SOCIAL CHANGES

"Markets and Misery," is the striking title of an article by Upton Sinclair. Arguing from a frankly socialistic point of view, Mr. Sinclair holds the rivalry among the nations for commercial expansion responsible for much of the existing poverty and distress. He contends that foreign trade is not absolutely necessary to any nation, and that the so-called "surplus" of products, of the field and of the factory, would be put to far better use if they were applied to supply the necessities of starving and ill-clad people at home, than they are when sent abroad for the benefit of Chinamen and other foreigners.

Referring to the theory that the possibilities of the soil are strictly limited, and that population always stays just within the starvation limit, Mr. Sinclair says:

"How astonished you will be to be told that it is simply one of the most stupid and stupefying delusions that ever were believed and propogated among men; that the limits of the productive possibilities of the soil have not only not been attained, but are, so far as science can now see, absolutely unattainable; that not only could England support with ease her own population on her own soil, and not only could Belgium do it, but any most crowded portion of the world could do it, and do it once again, and yet once again, and do it with two or three hours of work a day by a small portion of its population!

"That England could now support not merely her 33,000,000 inhabitants, but 75,000,000 and perhaps 100,000,000! And that the United States could now support a billion and a quarter of people, or just about the entire population of this planet! And that this could be done year after year, and entirely without any possibility of the exhaustion of the soil!

"And all this not any theory of a closet speculator or a Utopian dreamer, but by methods that are used year after year by thousands and tens of thousands of men who are making fortunes by it in all portions of the world—in the market gardens of Paris and London, of Belgium, Holland, and the Island of Jersey, the truck-farms of Florida and Minnesota, and of Norfolk, Virginia!"—North American Review.

The Sunday School.

A DUEL OF WORLDS.

The International Sunday School Lesson for May 13 Is, "A Fierce Demoniac Healed." Mark 5: 26-39. The Golden Text Is, "Go Home to Thy Friends and Tell Them How Great Things the Lord Hath Done for Thee." Mark 5:19.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

This is a graphic story of a supernatural conflict which the Sunday schools study today. Jesus matched His power against that of the under world in a dramatic struggle between the heavenly and the demoniacal realms. This familiar miracle of the healing of the Gadarene madman is one of three, closely related, which show forth superlatively the power of the Son of God. The narrative is a vivid piece of literature, from which are taken several familiar figures of speech, and phrases still in everyday use.

The old story bears directly on the state of society today, and upon the vital question, "Is good stronger than evil?" A fanciful imagination is not required to perceive that even now, with rendings and tumults of protest and opposition

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1906.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wideawake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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CURRENT COMMENT.

It might be well to submit the free garden seed question to a vote of the people.

Nevertheless the country brass bands will continue Marching Through Georgia.

No senator can save the country by going out to see a man while Lafollette is speaking.

In San Francisco's case it should probably be referred to as a re-building boom.

The most remarkable thing about the story of Witte's latest resignation is that it is true.

In Iola, Kansas, a Funston presidential boom has been started. Otherwise Iola might have been forgotten.

As near as we can figure it out, Prophet Dowie is gradually assuming the appearance of a closed incident.

Senator Clark is going to retire from the senate, which is likely to bring about a reduction in the price of his seat.

Mr. Bryan recommends more general travel to the Holy Land. He prefers it to the scenery along Salt river.

Congressmen who have no other claim to glory are anxious to retain a garden-seed relationship with their constituents.

Secretary Taft harmonizes with the President in everything, including, no doubt, the Roosevelt anti-third term idea.

It may take a good many lawyers and several technicalities to prove that the Standard Oil company is an innocent bystander.

It must be a great relief to Count Witte when he wakes up in the morning and remembers that he doesn't have to resign.

Mr. Garfield's report did not show that the Standard Oil company was making all its money by handling axlegrease as a by-product.

Mt. Vesuvius and Tom Lawson are both quiet now, but no scientist is attempting to tell us when either will break out again.

As a compliment to Mr. Garfield the Boston Globe points to the fact that his report is clear enough for the women's clubs to understand.

Mr. Carnegie has limited the list of great men to five. It will be a comfort to them to know that they didn't have to die to become great.

Among the large and varied assortment of missiles that have been thrown at it, the Standard Oil company may now find the big stick.

It is a satisfying reflection that any time the red flag is flaunted in the faces of the American people they assume the attitude of the enraged bull.

It might be worth mentioning that Mr. Taft has done nothing, so far, that would have a tendency to reduce the weight of his presidential boom.

It is now said that Secretary Taft has decided to accept a seat on the supreme bench. It is hard to understand how he expects to get along with only one seat.

While the virtues of the American hen are being extolled, it may be well to remark that she is not responsible for stale eggs. They are all fresh when laid.

The secretary of the agricultural department having predicted a record-breaking crop this year, there is nothing left for the farmers to do but sow and reap.

There is something good in the average man. A thief stole the cornerstone of a California church. He probably could not get himself down to the level of stealing the church.

The San Francisco earthquake is said to have moved a mountain from four to six feet. A little premature, but perhaps it felt it couldn't wait till moving day.

Gentlemen who believe that the country can be saved by the maintenance of the free seed distribution appear to be in the majority in the lower house of congress.

The latest accusation against the mosquito is that it is a spreader of leprosy. However true that may be, it is a well-known fact that the fly is a disseminator of spots.

The government has been sued for the cost of ice furnished in 1863. There was no ice trust at that time, but it was essential that the government keep cool, just the same.

Pat Crowe went on the rampage the other night in search of a girl who at one time imagined she loved him. Unlike Cupid, Pat doesn't use a bow and arrow when it comes to a love affair.

Senator LaFollette's recent speech fills forty pages of the Congressional Record, which will no doubt be read, when nobody is looking, by the senators who walked out when the Wisconsin man began speaking.

A Norway doctor declares his belief that moss—the common, greenish-white moss that is found almost everywhere—is destined to become the popular food for the masses. By watching the news from New Jersey we may soon hear of the incorporation of the Old Oaken Bucket Moss company.

NO ANTHRACITE STRIKE.

The acceptance by the miners of the proposition to submit wage disputes to the strike commission of 1903 is hailed as a virtual settlement of the difficulties in the anthracite mines and it is assumed that the men will return to work at an early day. The outcome of last week's convention was the more surprising because Mitchell had caused it to be given out that the miners had yielded everything they could or would yield, and were prepared to strike rather than make further concessions.

The campaign which has resulted in an absolute surrender is Mitchell's greatest failure. He disappointed most of his friends when he entered upon it. He was demanding more than most people thought he should in all fairness demand. At the outset the wage increase was the least important of the concessions which he proposed to wring from the operators. The paramount question was the recognition of the union, and added to this were the other features calculated to strengthen the organization—the enforcement to the letter of the eight-hour day, requiring the operators to act as a collecting agency for the unions and certain restrictions which placed the operators more completely within the power of the organized miners.

To these propositions the operators demurred and pending conferences, Mitchell forced his men to suspend work. That was several weeks ago and since then there have been repeated efforts on the part of Mitchell to drive the operators from their position. But the latter yielded in only one particular. While they claimed that there is nothing in market conditions to warrant an increase in wages, they agreed to submit the question to the strike commission of 1903. As to all other demands they refused to budge an inch.

There is no doubt that Mitchell intended to call the men out. He had with remarkable lack of diplomacy burned his bridges behind him, and when the operators refused point blank to consider his propositions as to mine operation, it seemed that there was no other alternative. Then began a series of conferences in which Mitchell yielded little by little until there came a time when there was nothing left except the dispute on wages. And on that point he wanted it understood that the miners would stand firm. Hence the country was prepared for a strike.

The announcement, therefore, on Saturday, that the wage difference would be left to the old commission, was as unexpected as it was agreeable. With the anthracite miners at work, the greatest inrustrial disturbance left is that between the longshoremen and the dock managers, and the peaceful settlement of the anthracite question is certain to have a mollifying effect on the striking dock laborers with the prospects bright for an early adjustment of all pending labor disputes.

We are not so much concerned as to why Mitchell changed his mind, although in his recommendation to the miners he warned them that the strike would probably be a failure, with the result that they would lose many of the advantages which they had gained during the last decade. While Mitchell has met with defeat, he was confronted with the alternative of a worse defeat. Had he counseled a strike and had the miners been defeated, he would have had to shoulder the entire responsibility and this would mean his dethronement as the head of the organization. But we are deeply interested in the successful termination of a struggle that might have involved the country in distress, that would have paralyzed the industrial world and brought suffering and hardship to thousands of citizens. If it was love of humanity that inspired Mitchell to sacrifice his pride, then all honor to him.

THE RUSSIAN DOUMA.

The consummation of the czar's decree of August 19, 1905, will be witnessed in St. Petersburg on Thursday, when the first douma will assemble to transact business for the people. Not that extraordinary powers have been conferred on this representative body. It can be dissolved at the emperor's will. Its every act can be abrogated by him. The upper house, which is composed of the aristocracy, can undo its work and make it a mere nonenity.

But no such restrictions will be placed on the douma, at least not at the outset, for the reason that the government realizes the importance of making concessions, and moreover members of this popular assembly, even those hostile to the bureaucracy, are desirous of demonstrating to the czar the value of a body representative of the people. We must concede to most of these legislators an honest purpose to assist in working out Russia's future and hence it would be folly for them to enter on a session of hostility to the czar. What they will do is to take up the Agarian question, and endeavor to formulate a plan that will lighten the burdens of the peasantry. If Nicholas accepts their conclusions, it will be evidence that the light of day is breaking for the unfortunate people and that the bureaucrats have come to a realizing sense that revolution can be averted only by a radical change in program.

THE ALLISON AMENDMENT.

This should be a notable week in the history of the country. Unless all prediction is valueless, the senate will pass a rate bill and in such form that the house can consistently and will promptly accept it. The President has stated that the Allison amendment is entirely satisfactory to him, which means that the administration forces will be lined up for it. The so-called conservatives but more properly speaking, the senators who have opposed the right of congress to confer on the interstate commerce commission the right to regulate rates, declare that the amendment meets their views exactly as to court review and therefore will be accepted by them.

But in what particular does the Allison amendment modify the Hepburn bill? In this that it specifically confers jurisdiction on the federal circuit courts wherever the commission's ruling is disputed. The administration has maintained from the outset that such specification was unnecessary because the constitution guarantees the right of appeal to the courts to every citizen, but the broard rate reviewers insisted that the failure of the bill to make such specification was its constitutional weakness and that it would be useless to pass the measure unless so amended.

Hence it can be seen that, granted the "broad" senators are sincere in their contention for a review clause, the differences between the two forces have been mere differences of construction not of principle. Of course we know that some of them are not sincere, that they have been throwing every obstacle in the path of rate regulation and that now, perceiving the hopelessness of the struggle, they are coming into the fold under cover of the review provision. The people are not being deceived by this sophistry, but are so grateful with the victory achieved that they can afford to be complaisant.

TAFT AND TEDDY.

Newspaper readers, and especially those who are looking for political crumbs, cannot complain of lack of variety. Every possible combination in national affairs is being worked over and distributed in attractive form and nearly every public man has been connected in some form with the nominations of 1908. When the great party conventions evolve solutions of the perplexing question, there will be an enterprising correspondent somewhere in Washington who can truthfully say: "I predicted that eighteen months ago."

But it is worthy of note that two stories, widely divergent in character, have just been sent out simultaneously from the capital. One is to the effect that Taft has been pulled out of the race by the President, and has concluded to go on the supreme bench. The supposition of the writer who furnishes this information is that the President has been shamming all along, and will be a candidate for another term, an idea so preposterous that discussion is a mere waste of time.

The other story, which seems to have a different inspiration, and is far more reasonable, picks Taft out as the President' choice, and then declares that the President's plan doesn't end with Taft's election; that Teddy is to graduate from the White House and assume the portfolio of state, thereby being in position to continue the great work which has made brilliant his administration. The Washington Post publishes this story and insists that it is based on a firmer foundation than mere rumor. Whether or not this be true, the story itself will cause a lot of talk. It has a likely tang to it, and, besides, it is a popular conception of the Rooseveltian ambition. What more plausible than that he aims to be in the harness when the last spadeful of earth is thrown out of the Panama canal? Or that he has an ambition to work out the destiny of the Philippines!

We confess to a personal fancy for this alleged combination. And just imagine what a powerful figure Taft would be in the next campaign with Roosevelt behind him and with the assurance to the people that their idol was to be Taft's right-hand man in carrying out the great policies of which he himself was the formulator?! Assuredly it would be an enthusiastic campaign, a one-sided campaign albeit it might create some dissatisfaction on the part of the billionaires who regard Teddy as their Nemesis.

M. WITTE'S RETIREMENT.

The retirement of Witte and the elevation of Dairyman Goremykin to the premiership marks another epoch in the critical life of Russia. From the day Witte was summoned by the czar to take charge of Russian affairs his hours have been full of trouble. Unable to carry out the policies that he believed would work for the welfare of his country, Witte has been little more than a buffer between the government and the people. But for him it is certain that the Romanoff dynasty would long since have been overthrown.

In a sense his administration has been a failure. He has merely succeeded in postponing the day of reckoning. He has kept the people from flying at the throat of the bureaucracy. He has forced the czar to make many promises, few of which have been fulfilled and none of which will probably stand. He has balked the revolutionists for the time being and given the autocrats an extension to their lease of power. But he has accomplished nothing affirmatively.

In appointing Witte's arch enemy as his successor the czar has betrayed a disposition to return to the old ways. Possibly he thinks the revolutionary spirit is so far checked that it is no longer dangerous, and that it only needs the iron heel to force the people back into subjugation. Everywhere Goremykin's elevation is regarded as reactionary, as indicating the purpose of the czar to deny to his people the liberties they have been demanding. But to boldly reverse himself, he needs a man of sturdy resolve, of iron will, and Goremykin has neither. Rather he is regarded as a weakling, as one of limited resources, whose greatest spur is revenge. He revealed his deceitful nature when, as minister of the interior, he reported as false the stories of famine and suffering in the provinces. Confronted by Witte with the evidence that the conditions as portrayed to the czar actually did exist, he went down on his knees and begged forgiveness. But he nursed the rancour in his heart against Witte for the ignominious exposure and vowed revenge.

Such a man as prime minister of Russia cannot inspire the people with confidence nor foster in them the hope of even fair treatment. An administration of repression is presaged for the unhappy country, and it will be remarkable if the revolutionists do not bestir themselves to greater activity. Assuming that the czar has acted only with the greatest deliberation, affairs are gloomy indeed. Accepting another theory, that the czar is not mentally responsible and that the powerful bureaucrats are again in the saddle dictating the policy of the government, and it is not a difficutl matter to foretell the consequences. The next uprising in the land of the Muscovite will not be put down until the gall of the yoke is no longer felt.

BREAKS HIS MOORINGS.

Dr. Crapsey's trial for heresy has just been concluded before an ecclesiastical court in Batavia, N. Y. Dr. Crapsey denied the divinity of Christ and for that he has had to answer before the bar of his church. Notwithstanding the verdict will not be reported unitl May 15, on Sunday last he preached before the students of Cornell university and maintained that the resurrection was not history, but tradition. This is heresy piled on heresy, if the canons of the church have any stability, and yet Dr. Crapsey expresses the strongest faith of ultimate acquittal.

It may be as the doctor says, that "nine-tenths of the talk of the resurrection is mere tinkling of cymbals and sounding brass," but why break down the beautiful structures of belief? It matters little to the true Christian whether or not Christ is divine so that he is god-like and teaches us aright, whether he was physically dead and resurrected or whether that sad, sweet story is based on spiritual occurrences, so that the lessons conveyed are learned and taken to heart.

We confess to agnosticism. We do not know whether Dr. Crapsey is right or wrong, nor do we think that it should make much difference to Christianity. Christ didn't waste time picking flaws with God's work. He bent all his energies to healing the sick and feeding the poor. He saw a great labor of love and he engaged in it. There is the same kind of work on earth for ministers of the gospel today and there always will be, and it seems a waste of precious time when they quarrel over creeds and opinions about which none of them has exact knowledge.

The need of the world is for ministers, not theologians, men who will talk into the very hearts of the people, not over their heads, men who will stop in the midst of a sermon to help a suffering human being or an injured horse; men who are human and are willing to mingle with humanity, instead of putting on priestly robes and laying claim to souls whiter than the souls of their fellows. We need more of the broad, human religion and less of the religion that is bound up in canons, symbols and red tape.

THE STANDARD'S INDICTMENT.

The promptness with which the Standard Oil company takes up the cudgel against President Roosevelt and Commissioner Garfield indicates full appreciation of the effect the combined report-message will have on the country. The method of the company's defense reveals the weakness of its position. Denial unaccompanied by corroborative statement and supplemented with abuse and ridicule will be far from convincing, while the radical departure from well-known Standard methods of meeting its critics arouses the suspicion that the great monopoly has been struck in a vital spot.

Commissioner Garfield's report is remarkable as a public document for its directness. He makes accusations and backs them up with specific illustrations. His conclusion is: "Tre Standard Oil company has habitually received from the railroads, and is now receiving, secret rates and other unjust and illegal discriminations." To this the Standard makes reply: "We say flatly that any assertion that the Standard Oil company has been or is now, knowingly engaged in practices which are unlawful is alike untruthful and unjust." In these two statements, startlingly contradictory, the issue between the Standard Oil company and the people is joined. But Commissioner Garfield furnishes evidence in corroboration of his statement, and makes public the source of his evidence. The most vital facts of it were obtained from the records of the railroad companies making the discrimination and from the Standard Oil company, accepting the discrimination. The latter rests its case apparently on its bald assertion of its integrity.

Mr. Garfield asserts that the Standard has enjoyed a monopoly in New England for ten years largely through the refusal of two big railroad systems to join in through rates; that it has controlled for years the sale of oil in northeastern New York and a portion of Vermont by means of secret rates; that it is in absolute control of almost the whole section of country south of the Ohio river and east of the Mississippi by means of secret rates and open discriminations in rates from Whiting, Ind.; that it has for ten years enjoyed a rate from Whiting to East St. Louis only about one-third the published rate, thereby saving in a single year, 1904, $240,000; that there are unfair open rates in the Kansas territory; direct rebates and discriminations by secret rates in California, and open published rates from Whiting to a large part of the United States that have given the company an unfair advantage.

Mr. Garfield declares that shortly after his discoveries, most of the secret rates and some of the open discriminations were abolished by the railroads and this statement, backed as it is by specific references, adds great strength to the report indicating that both the railroads and the Standard knowing full well the illegality of their methods, hastened to come within the pale of the law.

After the reader has digested the commissioner's report and taken up the President's message on the subject, he is astonished at the temperate tone employed by the latter. For Mr. Garfield's revelations show how a great corporation has set about deliberately to rob the people and has accumulated millions in the undertaking. And the fact that the Standard is owned and managed by men who are noted for their intelligence and ability only adds to the degree of iniquity. Hence the President might have been pardoned, had he been more vigorous in his denunciation. That he was judicial in his tones is due to his intense desire to be eminently fair, to give the Standard no opportunity to accuse him of denying to it "the square deal" which he demands for all.

No doubt President Roosevelt expects this report to have its effect on the rate bill now before the senate. In the minds of most people, the statements of Commissioner Garfield, fortified as they are by specific information, should insure the passage of an efficient rate regulative measure, one that will hereafter prevent the abuses of which complaint is made. But beyond that the President proposes to force this mammoth corporation to respect the rights of the people and the majesty of the law. And in this he will have the support of the country in whatever form he may need it.

SHAW AND INDEPENDENCE.

In his speech before the Missouri Republican league last week, Secretary Shaw paid his respect to the Independents in politics, whom he described as "an incoherent, undisciplined aggregation of well-intentioned men following a purposeless though ambitious leader who promises much impossible of fulfillment and whose chief argument is an indefinite protest against well recognized and inherent evils which have existed from the infancy of the race, and which will continue to exist while men remain mortal."

The secretary of the treasury declared that one of the greatest evils of the time was "the trend toward the obliteration of party lines." He sketched briefly the history of the country to show that the various progressive steps have been made through party organization, and not by any set of men acting independently of party.

While the secretary's position has been criticized freely by the so-called nonpartisan press, it is founded on reason and appeals to all students of American history. It is useless to say that the Republican party has existed all these years without principles or that the principles it has advocated have not been worth fighting for. And yet there is a considerable body of men who are devoting their energies in an effort to decry the two great organizations of the country, and believe they are patriotic in so doing. They use the specious argument, in which they are supported by prominent citizens of both parties, that there should be no politics in municipal affairs, but that every good citizen should vote for the men who will give the best service without regard to his political affiliation. The proposition, while correct in the abstract, tends to lend to that destruction of party discipline of which Secretary Shaw complains. His theory is that there are capable men within the lines of both parties and that if the rank and file perform their duty by exercising their suffrage in a patriotic manner, they will have candidates who will fulfill all requirements and make it unnecessary to take up with candidates, who, while they may possess equal qualifications, have no fixed political affiliation.

This is called by the Independents a narrow, old-fashioned view, and yet it is a view shared by most of the great leaders of the day. It is founded on the belief that the strength of the republic rests in the equilibrium maintained by two opposing political forces, and it has been frequently demonstrated that the nation is best governed when these two forces are so evenly divided that one acts as a check on the other. Then incomptence or corruption in the dominant party results in a swift change of administration and the knowledge that continuance in office is dependent on its behavior impels the party in power to give the country the best of which it is capable. Disintegrate these two forces and we have a political hodge podge until such time as the old lines are readjusted.

Secretary Shaw does not say that a man should never break away from the party fold on local matters, but the whole trend of his argument is that eternal vigilance of the voters within the party to which they claim allegiance makes the occasion rare when abandonment is either necessary or justified.

CHRISTIAN ECONOMY.

Marayan Krishna, the Brahmin missionery, might have been brutal in his language, but when he advises Americans to keep their missionaries at home, he can call up strong testimony in favor of his argument. True Krishna was preaching from the viewpoint of the foreigner and aiming strongly that our religious commissioners are disturbers of tranquility in the heathen lands. Possibly in some instances their presence is irritating to the natives, thereby counterbalacing any good they may accomplish, but most of them are earnest, hard-working Christians and believe they are doing the Lord's will.

But the hard-headed, thinking American accepts the Brahmin's counsel for another reason and that reason has to do with conditions at home. There is economy in religion as in everything else, and if there is work to be done here it is a waste of moral energy to overlook it while we extend our efforts in foreign vineyards. And there is no gainsaying the fact that there is much to be done in this country. The daily record of news tells us that. We do not need to inquire further. Every city has its quarters as benighted as are the heathen lands in darkest Africa. Some work is being done in these dark spots. More can be done and should be done. Every city has its prosperous citizens who know no god except Mammon and no individual except self. Here is a rich harvest for the working and yet these men are passed by in our search for the barbarian who worships God only in the light that has been given him.

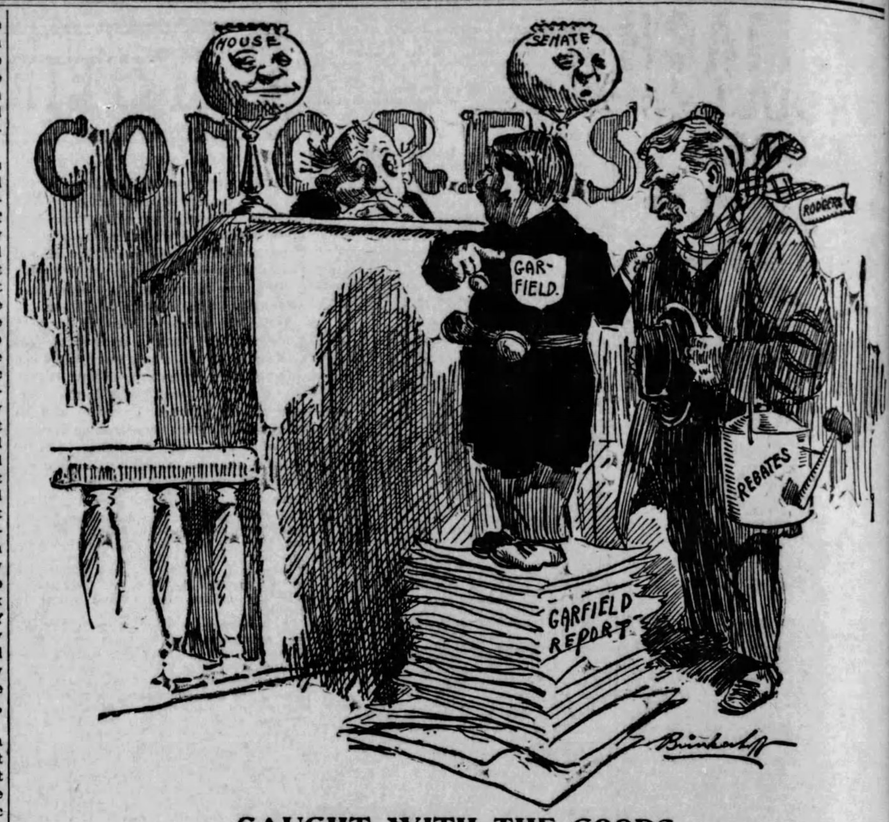
This is a mere scratching of the surface, but it reveals fruit worth the labor of gathering. Dig deeper and you will wonder why the Christian people of this nation are straining their vision for fields far away, when thousands upon thousands of unregenerates are within calling. While ignorance is no excuse under the law, it is an excuse under the light of true religino. Few there are who believe that the innocent babe will be consigned to perdition because, forsooth, it has not been baptized. No more will Providence deal unkindly with the savage who knows no law but the law of nature. It is otherwise with the man who has been brought up in the faith and should be by instinct and education a Christian citizen, or with the woman who wilfully strays from the path lighted for her feet. There are myriads of these sinners daily passing our churches, but the hand that should be outstretched for them is busy collecting funds wherewith to reclaim the heathen. Is this not misdirected energy a violation of the law of Christian economics?

HIGHER INSURANCE RATES.

One of the results of the San Francisco fire will probably be an advance in insurance rates. While it is thought that most of the companies will weather the storm, all who held risks in the ill-fated city are badly hit. Several of the largest companies have made assessments on the stockholders rather than suffer a serious impairment of their surplus account.

But conditions are far from encouraging, and the most conservative men in the business advocate increased rates in order to put the companies in shape for future emergencies. Efforts have been made recently to secure a reduction in rates, patrons pointing to the large surplus accumulated by the most active companies in justification of the request. But the tremendous losses growing out of this one fire teach the importance of keeping on the right side of the fence. Had the rates been reduced a year or so ago it is more than probable that fully one-third of the companies would have been wiped out of existence.

Now the officials are praying to be delivered from another conflagration of consequence until they have had time to recover lost ground. A fire even if only a quarter as large as the San Francisco fire, would, at this time time, create a panic in the insurance world.



CAUGHT WITH THE GOODS.

THE OBSTREPEROUS EARTHQUAKE.

That earthquakes are no respecters of human effort was illustrated at Palo Alto, the beautiful site of Leland Stanford university. The buildings of this institution were constructed on the old mission plan and were especially designed to withstand the convulsions of Mother Earth. Many of them collapsed. Nearby were many private residences, the homes of professors, and some business blocks built just as they might be built in Toledo or any other city outside the earthquake zone. And these were scarcely damaged.

THE FREE SEED GRAFT.

The country had hoped, when the House committee struck out the appropriation for free seeds from the agricultural bill that congress would bow to public opinion and eliminate this senseless graft. But it seems we are doomed to disappointment. Congressmen are too closely wrapped in self-interest to break away from a custom that has nothing to commend it. The chance to pick up the elusive vote proves too strong a temptation for our lawmakers to withstand.

By a vote of nearly three to one, the House has reinstated the obnoxious provision, and thousands of Uncle Sam's dollars are to be squandered for the benefit of congressmen who aim to perpetuate themselves in office.

It seems that nothing short of a revolution will put a stop to the practice which is nothing more nor less than petty corruption. If this bill must go to the President for his scrutiny, we venture to assert that the appropriation in question will be stricken out unless his veto will put more important interests in peril. Even the farmers have entered a protest against this species of graft.

THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK.

While the country is in a prosperous condition, there are signs of trouble ahead. Organized labor has seized on the time as propitious for pressing its demands. The anthracite miners will unquestionably resolve to strike, which means idleness for an army of men. Lake commerce is practically tied up because of differences between the dock managers and the longshoremen. In Chicago, the structural iron workers have struck for a $5 per day wage, and their action will, it is said, stop operations on new buildings that represent an outlay of $25,000,000.

Were these disturbances wholly local in effect the situation might not cause apprehension, but as is well known, one strike begets another. Men go out in sympathy even though they may be well satisfied with their work. Hence, unless the strikes now inaugurated are speedily settled, labor conditions will grow worse rather than better, and the sphere of unrest extended.

The situation is reflected in the stock market. On Wednesday there was a season of liquidation that promised disastrous results. Large blocks of stock were unloaded on the market and prices declined sharply although there was a later rally. Various reasons are assigned for these violent fluctuations. Some claim that the great trust interests, frightened at the attack made by the administration on Standard Oil methods, are trying to force a panic with a view of impressing on the people the danger of the President's policy. But this is not reasonable, because no matter what the condition of the market, the government is committed to a campaign from which it will not swerve. Enough has been uncovered in the investigation to show the imperative necessity of remedying the transportation evils and a panic would hasten rather than delay the reform.

Rather, it seems to us, that capital is withdrawing from speculation until labor difficulties have been adjusted. The stringency in the money market denotes this and the disposition of men to contract their activities indicates that they are keeping an eye on the business barometer.

There is no occasion for alarm, but it is an opportune moment for conservatism. The passage of an efficient rate bill should act as a tonic on business conditions. Such a measure, it is thought, will be a real benefit to the railroads by emancipating them from the domination of the trusts and the evils of rebating. Following this the miners and others who have grievances against their employers may respond to public sentiment and submit their differences for adjustment to arbitration. With these two disturbing elements reduced to calm, the country is in position to enter upon an era of prosperity greater than ever before.

Mr. Bryan has written or spoken nothing in the way of language that would indicate that he would decline a presidential nomination in 1908, thus showing that he still maintains his self-restraint.

SIXTY BELOW ZERO

"Look out, or you will drop that chisel!"

"Before the sentence was finished the tool had slipped from the hand of my assistant, and striking upon some bar iron flew into pieces as if it had been glass instead of steel." This reads like a bit out of 'Alice in Wonderland,' but it is sober fact, we are told by Chester W. Tennant, of Dawson, Yukon Territory.

"I am writing this on January 25; for two weeks we have had a 'cold spell.' Temperature has ranged from 44 degrees below zero (the warmest) down to 68 degrees below. Some of the outlying Yukon police stations report 80 degrees below. These cold waves alternate with warmer periods of 10 degrees below.

"Strange manifestations appear as a result of the extreme cold; one is the way a fire burns in the stove. It roars and crackles like a great forge, and wood in the stove means to dissolve in the flames like a chunk of ice; the wood is gone and we wonder where the heat went.

"At 60 degrees below, every stovepipe throws out a great white cloud of smoke and vapor, resembling a steamboat in its whiteness, and this cloud streams away for 50 to 100 feet, mingling with the other white-gray mist or haze that remains permanent in the atmosphere of the town like a great fog, when it is 40 degrees or more below zero. This white-gray fog is not fog as you know it, but is frozen fog, and every man, woman, child, animal and even the fire that burns is throwing out moisture into the air which is immediately turned into a cloud of frozen vapor suspended in the air. Very slowly this settles to earth; and in the morning, about the steps and any protected place, one can see a very fine film of flour-like dust deposited, which is composed of frozen vapor."

Exposed ears, hands and nose, Mr. Tennant tells us, freeze at this temperature in going the distance of about one block unless well protected. The breath roars like a mild jet of steam, while a dipper of boiling water thrown out into the air emits a peculiar whistling hiss as its drops circle through the frosty atmosphere. To quote again:

"Prospectors, in attempting to boil a dish of rice or beans upon a campfire unprotected from the weather, find that the side of the dish which is in the fire will boil while the part of the dish exposed to the weather has frozen. To remedy this, the dish is set completely into the fire. Edged tools subjected to this temperature become as hard and brittle as glass and will break as readily under strain.

"I have seen a pop safety valve blowing off steam when weather was below 60 degrees, with icicles which had formed by the condensation while it was blowing off hanging from the outer rim of the valve. The icicles were not melted by the outrushing steam, but remained there for many days, through blow-offs, as I passed the station every day and watched the operation. All vegetables, potatoes, apples, fruit, eggs, etc., can be allowed to freeze until they become like bullets. To make ready for use, place them in cold water half a day before using, and the frost will slowly withdraw without injury to the article. To attempt to thaw them out by more rapid process by fire or hot water spoils them for use."

Mr. Tennant tells some remarkable tales of thawing out a frozen foot, ear or hand by immersing the member in coal oil for some time—often several hours. He says:

"This is absolutely a safe remedy, and one thus escapes the surgeon's knife, as no bad results follow. This is not hearsay, as a man was saved a few years ago at our office by the night watchman, who found him in the snow (45 degrees below zero) and both hands frozen to the wrists. He was taken into the office and treated as above for about five hours, when all the frost was drawn out without so much as losing a finger tip. The physicians were amazed, as they thought amputation would have to be resorted to. His hands were as white and hard as marble, and when placed in the oil they snapped and crackled as the oil began to act upon the ice crystals. This remedy should be remembered by all residents of cold climates, as it would save many a limb. The temperature of the oil should be about the same as that of the living room (about 60 degrees above zero). Great caution must be exercised during extreme cold weather so as not to frost the lungs, which one will quickly do if he hustles about at ordinary pace. Quick and fatal pneumonia can be contracted in a few minutes. Many a fine team of horses has been lost in this way.

"One has to be careful about touching things with unprotected hands. It is dangerous to take hold of a door knob when it is 60 degrees below zero or thereabouts with the uncovered hand, unless you are careful to instantly release your hold, for if you do it will freeze your inner palm in five seconds, be very painful thereafter, and the result is the same as from touching a red-hot stove.

"Canned goods undergo frightful contraction during extreme cold, and suck in air; in summer with a temperature of 90 degrees, the reverse condition occurs, causing leakage and loss.

SHARK HUNTERS.

Descendants of Vikings Make Up Crews for the Work.

This strictly commercial business of shark hunting is done in small sloops, whose headquarters are in the more northerly Norwegian ports, says Pearson's Magazine. The crews are for the most part made up of pure-blooded descendants of the Vikings, who are still to be found in any number among the codfishers of Hammerfest and Tromso. And a magnificent race of men they are! Accustomed from boyhood to a life of hardship, they have a way of treating Father Neptune with a slightly contemptuous toleration, like an old friend of somewhat uncertain temper, whose rapid changes from smiling benevolence to wild, blustering anger are on the whole rather amusing than otherwise.

They care nothing for danger and little for suffering—in themselves or in others. Why, then, should they stop to think that perhaps a maimed but still living shark can feel?

The fishing is done off the coast of Iceland in about eighty fathoms of water. Three or four gallows-like structures are rigged up around the sides of the sloop, and from each of these hangs a pulley block, over which runs a strong rope; and to the end of this the baited hook is fastened. A plentiful supply of ground bait is thrown out to attract the quarry, and such is the eagerness with which the sharks take the bait that sometimes each one of these gallows-like fishing rods will have its fish hooked and fighting for life all at the same time.

There is no "playing" the fish. It is not necessary or possible, and the powerful tackle is hardly likely to break, no matter how fiercely the hooked shark may struggle. But the shark is not, for his size, a game fish; and, except when he is actually being hoisted out of the water, there is no very serious strain on the tackle. If he does now and then get away it is not because he ever managed to break the line, but because a lightly fixed hook easily tears through the soft cartilaginous skeleton of his head, and so sets him free.

As soon as a shark has taken one of the baits the hauling tackle attached to his particular gallows is manned, and, without any superfluous fuss or ceremony, he is hauled up to the sloop and hoisted just clear of the water.

He is not brought on board at all, but with a few bold slashes his liver is cut out as he hangs and is thrown into a tub, to be further dealt with later. Then his eyes are put out and he is cut adrift—to go and complete the tardy process of dying where and how he pleases.

All this sounds very horrible, but there is one curious fact which goes far to make us believe that this death cannot, after all, be such a cruel one as at first appears. It is this, the fishermen say, that unless they put out the shark's eyes he will afterward cause them a lot of trouble by coming and taking the bait a second time.

It sounds incredible, but the statement is thoroughly well authenticated by eye witnesses, who have seen a liverless shark do just this very thing. Scientists, doubtless, are right in saying that the shark (which by anatomical classification is one of the lowest of the fishes) does not feel pain in the way more highly organized animals feel it. We will cling to that belief, for it is consoling—to us, if not to the shark, who is thus sacrificed that his liver may supply us with—what?

It is a secret not to be spoken aloud. Norway is one of the great centers of the cod trade, and from cod is made cod liver oil—and shark's liver oil tastes and looks exactly like it.

Current Events.

Bishops of M. E. church, south, alarmed by dearth in pastors.

Great Britain declares American fishermen must obey the laws.

Representative declares in house three more battleships would have prevented war with Spain.

China establishes policy of forbidding further foreign acquisition of land within her borders.

San Francisco said to have $200,000,000 in sight for rehabilitation; most is insurance money.

Senate committee on privileges and elections postpones a vote on the case of Reed Smoot until May 18.

Waldorf Astor and Mrs. Nannie Langhorne Shaw are married in London, only a few relatives and intimate friends being present.

Turkey is given ten days in which to start complete withdrawal of troops from Sinai Peninsula in what amounts to an ultimatum from Great Britain.

Railways of Mexico are being extended rapidly and soon will reach all the important points in the country, tapping rich territory, says William E. Curtis.

Samuel Gompers, in final appeal for passage of eight-hour law by congress, upholds right of labor to vote against congressmen who opposes them.

Corwin H. Spencer, the noted speculator, of St. Louis, is stricken while watching the fall in stock prices by which he is said to have lost heavily, and dies.

Senator Newlands, in joint resolution, proposes federal aid in rebuilding San Francisco; California senators, not consulted, said the resolution was unwise.

Lack of information as to its San Francisco losses has seriously embarrassed the Traders' Insurance company, of Chicago, and the officials admit that they are in sore straits.

Oren Root, Jr., a nephew of Elihu Root, is elected first vice president of the Metropolitan Street Railroad company, at New York, on which he began work as a motorman.

Thomas W. Lawson, after reading the President's message, gives out a facetious statement, in which he says that Mr. Roosevelt has been made head of the American Muck-Rakers' association.

Four thousand Chicago Methodists applaud a bishop who declares the coming evangelistic movement will make it not only possible for a God-fearing mayor to enforce the Sunday closing law, but impossible to keep saloons open.

Senator Tillman, in a speech in the senate, attacks the records of seven federal judges and says these cases are ample reason for curbing the power of all inferior courts to interfere with the orders of the interstate commerce commission.

There is nothing unnatural in the Standard Oil company's denial of the charges made against it. It is among the duties of the Standard's attorneys to show, when occasion demands, that the company is as innocent as a babe.

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This offer is intended only for Blade subscribers. We desire to give our subscribers the advantage of the best quality of everything at the very lowest price.

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Fifteen jewels (settings); quick train; exposed pallets; cut expansion balance; Breguet hairspring; polished oval regulator; sunk second dial; nickel index; dust ring; damaskeened plates.

Seven jewels; quick train; exposed pallets; cut expansion balance; Breguet hairspring; polished oval steel regulator; sunk second dial; nickel index; dust ring; damaskeened plates.

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Our prices include free delivery, in good running order.

No. 71—7-jeweled works, 25-year hunting case $13.75	No. 72—7-jeweled works, 25-year open-face case $11.00
Extra for engraved case..$1.00	Extra for engraved case, 80c
No. 73—15-jeweled works, 25-year hunting case $15.00	No. 74—15-jeweled works, 25-year open-face case $12.60
Extra for engraved case..$1.00	Extra for engraved case...80c
No. 75—7-jeweled works, 20-year hunting case $11.20	No. 76—7-jeweled works, 20-year open-face case $8.75
No. 77—15-jeweled works, 20-year hunting case $12.25	No. 78—15-jeweled works, 20-year open-face case $10.50

MEN'S NICKEL SILVER WATCHES.

No. 79—7-jeweled works, nickel silver, open-face case $5.30	No. 80—15-jeweled works, nickel silver, open-face case $6.75

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Extra for engraved case.. 80c	Extra for engraved case...80c
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Please do NOT send stamps. Inclose a silver dime wrapped in tissue paper. Once more, do NOT send stamps. They stick together, and it is difficult to dispose of them, unless at a discount.

Write very plainly the NUMBER and the NAME of each pattern, as it appears under the cut, and also the BUST MEASURE you wish.

BE SURE to give both the number and the name of the pattern, and the bust measure also.

Address as follows, including price of pattern ordered: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Notice that the price, 10 cents, is for a SINGLE pattern. Many of these show TWO patterns in an illustration. In such cases, either will be sent on receipt of 10 cents, coin or both on receipt of two silver dimes.

LACES — Fine Imported German, French and English Laces. Send for circular showing design and giving pattern desired.

6489—A Pleasing Lingerie Waist.

An attractive lingerie blouses, which are certainly a la mode just now, the simplest in design are often the most pleasing. The blouse sketched is of allover openwork embroidery, the same as can be purchased anywhere by the yard. An inset of lace in fanciful pattern relieves the severity of the front and proves a very effective adornment. The collar and cuffs may be of lace or the embroidered material. The

elbow sleeve is daintily finished with two tiny ruffles of lace. The waist might be realized in plain linen with a pretty design embroidered upon the front, back and sleeves or in valenciennes lace, stripes being sewed together lengthwise of the waist. In the medium size the blouse requires 2¼ yards of 36-inch material.

6489—Sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure.

6486-6487—A Charming Summer Gown.

There is no season of the year when Dame Fashion arrays her devotees so becomingly as during the spring and summer. The daintiest of creations are realized in the sheer summer fabrics which no amount of silks or chiffons can surpass. Here is drawn a gown of organdie, that most delightful of sheer fabrics. Tiny tucks form and adorn the waist while the sheer lace yoke and embroidered trimming straps are very pleasing and becoming. The

skirt is in three sections, each being a bit fuller than the one above and sewed to a band of insertion. In this way the broad sweep at the bottom is realized, while no bunchy fulness appears at the waistband and over the hips. Any mull, swiss or other sheer fabric may be used for this gown. For the medium size 10½ yards of 36-inch material are needed.

Two patterns. 6486—Sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure. 6487—Sizes, 20 to 30 inches waist.

The price of these patterns is 20c, but either will be sent upon receipt of 10c.

6476—A Practical Apron.

Aprons are always a topic of interest to the housewife or any woman who has duties to perform, as they are not only a necessary evil, but a necessary good. Percale and denim are sturdy stuffs for aprons which must do hard general service where no ruffles or gathers appear and this design is exactly suited to such use and development. No ruffles or gathers add to the labor of making and laundering this apron, while the bib portion is broad enough to cover the front of the blouse and so shaped as to suggest the Princess effect. The fitting of the front

neck is round in outline and closes to one side of the front, a pretty button marking the closing at the waist line. The gulmpes may be made of any white washing fabric, lawn, mull or Swiss being the usual selection. The little gown is very easily made and will prove most pleasing developed in serge, challis or pongee. In the medium size the pattern demands 3¾ yards of 36-inch material.

4797—Sizes, 6 to 12 years.

4031—A Pretty Russian Dress.

Never has Mistress Fashion loved the lads and lasses so dearly as at the present time. The variety of bewitching and becoming frocks intended for their wear is almost limitless. The one-piece Russian dress shown here is one of the most popular for all kinds of wear, for both boys and girls. The box pleats etxending over the shoulder and supplemented by a third

in the centre of the back give height and breadth to the wearer and supply ample fulness for the skirt. The small square yoke may be omitted for very warm weather or serve to introduce a becoming fabric near the face. Some tiny tucks extend below this to give extra fulness for the front. A belt of leather, preferably with the dull finish, completes the small frock most pleasingly. For its development, linen, madras, pongee, gingham or serge may be used. In the medium size 2½ yards of 36-inch goods are needed.

4031—Sizes, 4 to 8 years.

4026—A Tiny Gown.

Though the tiny maid's frocks may be simple they should be dainty and attractive just the same. Here is sketched a little gown of white Persian lawn with a square yoke of tucks and embroidery. A shaped bertha like the dress forms a pretty and suitable adornment and adds

breadth to the little one's shoulders. A narrow collar with a lace edge or the gathered lace alone may finish the neck. The dress is one very simply put toegther, and may be made as simple or elaborate as desired. The design may be carried out in serge or gingham as well as in any of the sheer fabrics. For the medium size 2¾ yards of 36-inch material are needed.

4026—Sizes, 1½ to 6 years.

CONDITIONS IMPROVING

Rations Issued Daily Will Average 230,000 at 'Frisco.

Washington, May 7.—The military secretary received the following dispatch today from General Greeley dated San Francisco yesterday:

"Conditions are steadily improving. Arrival of thirty-six officers permits assignments to numerous camps of commanding officers to insure decency, order and santation.

"Rough estimates place number of persons thus living at fifty thousand. Naturally such large bodies become threatening factors as regards the future health of the city. When practicable further report will be made on the number of campers, which is apparently increasing. Registration and census of their number is progressing. Presumably months for today will approximate quarter million.

"Am proceeding with methods calculated to largely reduce this number through institution of facilities for cheap meals and gradual restrictions on issue to male adults. Rations are plentiful as far as flour and potatoes go, but extremely limited as to other articles."

Another dispatch received from General Greeley stated that on last Saturday the number of rations issued was 230,000.

ROOSEVELT'S VICTORY.

Democrats Try Desperately to Belittle It.

Washington, D. C., May 7.—For campaign purposes, the Democratic leaders are attempting to convey the impression that President Roosevelt surrendered to the railways in approving the Allison amendment to the Hepburn railway rate bill. Chagrined because the President united with the conservative Republican leaders in the senate instead of supporting his court review amendment, Senator Bailey is now attempting to array the Democrats in the senate in opposition to the Allison amendment.

As stated by the President, it will be for the courts to finally decide what is the effect of the Allison amendment. Further than this it would have been for the courts to determine how broad the review would have been under the Hepburn bill in its unamended form.

But all of this is a discussion of legal questions upon which the ablest constitutional lawyers do not agree. This discussion cannot disguise the fact that through the efforts of President Roosevelt a railway rate bill will be passed. How effective it will be can only be decided by the courts and experience. The course of events in the consideration of the railway rate bills which have been pending in congress clearly shows that the President won a notable victory. The most satisfactory feature of it from a partisan standpoint is, that he did it without disrupting the Republican party and demonstrated that he is the leader of his party.

It will be recalled that when the Esch-Townsend bill was introduced in the last session of congress, it was predicted that the measure would not even pass the house. The President made no secret of the fact that he endorsed the bill and after a short but sharp fight pushed it through the house. When the bill reached the senate, the conservative leaders insisted that it was revolutionary and if passed would prove disastrous to the business interests of the country.

While the senate adjourned without passing the Esch-Townsend bill, the President brought so much popular pressure to bear upon the leaders that they arranged for a hearing upon the bill which was conducted during the summer vacation. In these hearings the conservative leaders attempted to turn the sentiment of the country against the President. Contrary effect was the result of this effort, and when congress met last December, the President's position was not only strengthened in the country, but also in the house and in the senate.

Then, with the assistance of Attorney General Moody and the interstate commerce commissioners, the President drew up the Hepburn bill. It is acknowledged to be a stronger measure than the Esch-Townsend bill. As the Hepburn bill the authority of the interstate commerce commission is more clearly defined and is extended over a number of things which were not provided for in the Esch-Townsend bill. By almost a unanimous vote the Hepburn bill was passed by the house.

When the fight for the measure was begun in the senate, it was freely predicted that the Hepburn bill would be amended to death before it was passed by the upper house. The most hopeful friends of the bill did not expect that it would be anything like as strong a measure when it came out of the senate as it was when passed by the house.

But now the Democrats in the senate are asserting that the President has surrendered merely because he has endorsed a very slight amendment. An amendment which, in the opinion of the President, as expressed in his last message to congress, carries out his original policy. In that message the President stated that the commission's order should be subject to the review of the courts. In the opinion of the President, this was provided for in the Hepburn bill without the Allison amendment. As the Allison amendment only specifies that the orders of the commission are to be reviewed by the courts, he has no objection to the amendment.

In his fight in the senate, the President is not losing ground, but will probably greatly strengthen the Hepburn bill before it is returned to the house. Monday last he secured the adoption of the Lodge amendment. This amendment places the pipe line companies under the jurisdiction of the interstate commerce commission. When the Hepburn bill becomes a law, the commission will be authorized to regulate the rates made by the Standard Oil company in its network of pipe lines. That the Lodge amendment was passed by a unanimous vote of the senate, shows how completely the President controls the situation.

There are a number of other amendments which will greatly strengthen the bill, in which the President is interested and the power which he is showing in the senate assures their adoption.

That the President should be able to line up the solid support of the Republicans in the senate to the Allison amendment is in itself no mean accomplishment for the administration. The uncertainty of the situation in the senate was beginning to disturb business conditions. Some of the radical senators were proposing amendments, which in the opinion of the businessmen of the country, would make the Hepburn bill a dangerous measure. There were well-founded rumors that the LaFollette type of Republicans would unite with the Democrats and remodel the bill in a manner to prove ruinous, not only to the railroads, but to the general business interests of the country.

With such impending dangers it was feared that the panic growing out of the extended consideration of the Wilson bill might be repeated. At this critical moment the President took hold of the situation with a firm hand that brought about a compromise which virtually determined what the character of the Hepburn bill was to be.

STILL MORE TO FOLLOW

Garfield Is Not Through With the Standard Oil.

Washington, May 7.—The country is just beginning to hear about Commissioner Garfield's report on the oil trust. The blast is only one of a series that are on tap. Other revelations of an equally startling nature are to come in a few days, showing up other phases of the unlawful and unfair practice of this great monopoly.

The report treated only of the transportation feature of the corporation's business. A mere summary of the report on this subject was submitted. Mr. Garfield has been busy reading proof on the full transportation charter. It will embrace 500 printed pages and will give details of the general indictment contained in yesterday's summary.

Mr. Garfield is preparing four or five other chapters which will be made public from time to time so that the oil trust will be on the public griddle for some days to come. He will devote a second section to telling of the unlawful methods employed by the trust to suppress competition and drive small refiners out of business. Another chapter will tell all about the pipe lines, which the senate declared subject to regulation by the interstate commerce commission like common carriers. The history of the bogus independent companies will be exposed, including the organization and ownership of them in their relation to the parent trust.

Inside Business Secrets.

Another chapter will give away the inside business secrets of the trust, revealing the enormous profits in the oil industry as controlled by the monopoly. A separate section will describe the oil trust's activity in the foreign market and show its relation to the home trade. All of these several chapters will not be so sensational as the section already made public, but some of them will be equally startling.

Commissioner Garfield declined to make any statement for publication concerning the reply to his report made by Messrs. Rogers and Archbald, of the Standard Oil company.

HITS THE STANDARD OIL

President Transmits Report of Garfield to Congress.

Washington, May 4.—President Roosevelt today transmitted to congress the report of James R. Garfield, commissioner of corporations, giving the results of his investigation of the subject of transportation and freight rates in connection with the oil industry.

"The report is of capital importance in view of the effort now being made to secure such enlargement of the powers of the interstate commerce commission as will confer upon the commission power in some measure adequate to meet the clearly demonstrated needs of the situation. The facts set forth in this report are for the most part not disputed, and even in this respect the dispute is practically limited to the question as to whether the transactions are or are not technically legal.

"The report shows that the Standard Oil company has benefited enormously up almost to the present moment by secret rates, many of these secret rates being clearly unlawful. This benefit amounts to at least three-quarters of a million a year. The three-quarters of a million represents the profit that the Standard Oil company obtains at the expense of the railroads; but of course the ultimate result of the investigation has been that shortly after the discovery of these secret rates by the commissioner of corporations, the major portion of them were promptly corrected by the railroads, so that most of them have now been done away with. This immediate correction, partial or complete, of the evil of the secret rates is, of course, on the one hand an acknowledgment that they were wrong, and yet were persevered in until exposed; and on the other hand a proof of the efficiency of the work that has been done by the bureau of corporations.

Immunity Provision.

"The department of justice will take up the question of instituting prosecutions in at least certain of the cases. But it is most desirable to enact into law the bill introduced by Senator Knox to correct the interpretation of the immunity provision rendered in Judge Humphrey's decision. The hands of the government have been greatly strengthened in securing an effective remedy by the recent decision of the supreme court in the case instituted by the government against the tobacco trust, which decision permits the government to examine the books and records of any corporation engaged in interstate commerce; and by the recent conviction and punishment of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad and certain of its officers.

"But in addition to these secret rates the Standard Oil profits immensely by open rates, which are so arranged as to give it an overwhelming advantage over its independent competitors. The refusal of the railroads in certain cases to prorate produces analogous effects. Thus in New England the refusal of certain railway systems to prorate has resulted in keeping the Standard Oil in absolute monopolistic control of the field, enabling it to charge from three to four hundred thousand dollars a year more to the consumers of oil in New England than they would have had to pay had the price paid been that obtaining in the competitive fields. This is a characteristic example of the numerous evils which are inevitable under a system in which the big shipper and the railroad are left free to crush out all individual initiative and all power of independent action because of the absence of adequate and thorough-going governmental control. Exactly similar conditions obtain in a large part of the West and Southwest. This particular instance exemplifies the fact that the granting to the government of the power to substitute a proper for an improper rate is in very many instances the only effective way in which to prevent improper discriminations in rates.

"It is not possible to put into figures the exact amount by which the Standard profits through the gross favoritism shown it by the railroads in connection with the secret rates. The profit of course comes not merely by the saving in the rate itself as compared with its competitors, but by the higher prices it is able to charge, and (even without reference to these higher prices) by the complete control of the market which it secures, thereby getting the profit on the whole consumption. Here again the only way by which the discriminations can be cured is by conferring upon the Interstate Commerce Commission the power to take quick and effective action regulating the rates.

"One feature of the report which is especially worthy of attention is the showing made as to the way in which the law is evaded by treating as State commerce what is in reality merely a part of interstate commerce. It is clearly shown, for instance, that this device is employed on the New York Central railroad, as well as on many other railroads, in such fashion as to amount to thwarting the purpose of the law, although the forms of the law may be complied with.

Standard Not Alone.

"It is unfortunately not true that the Standard Oil company is the only great corporation which at the immediate past has benefited, and is at this moment benefiting, in wholly improper fashion by an elaborate series of rate discriminations, which permit it to profit both at the expense of its rivals and of the general public. The attorney general reports to me that the investigation now going on as to the shipments by the sugar trust over the trunk lines running out of New York city tends to show that the sugar trust rarely if ever pays the lawful rate for transportation, and is thus improperly, and probably unlawfully, favored at the expense of its competitors and of the general public.

"The argument is sometimes advanced against conferring upon some governmental body the power of supervision and control over interstate commerce, that to do so tends to weaken individual initiative. Investigations such as this conclusively disprove any such allegation. On the contrary, the proper play for individual initiative can only be secured by such governmental supervision as will curb those monopolistic evils which crush out all individual initiative. The railroad itself cannot without such government aid protect the interests of its own stockholders as against one of these great corporations loosely known as trusts.

"In the effort to prevent the railroads from uniting for improper purposes we have very unwisely prohibited them from uniting for proper purposes; that is, for purposes of protection to themselves and to the general public as against the power of the great corporations. They should certainly be given power thus to unite on conditions laid down by congress, such conditions to include the specific approval of the interstate commerce commission of any agreement to which the railroads may come. In addition to this, the government must interfere, through its agents, to deprive the railroad of the ability to make to the big corporations the concessions which otherwise it is powerless to refuse.

"The government should have power by its agents to examine into the conduct of the railways—that is, the examiners under the direction of the Interstate Commerce commission should be able to examine as thoroughly into the affairs of the railroad as bank examiners now examine into the affairs of banks.

"It is impossible to work a material improvement in conditions such as above described merely through the instrumentality of a law suit. A law suit is often a necessary method; but by itself it is an utterly inadequate method. What is needed is the conferring upon the commission of ample affirmative power, so conferred as to make its decisions take effect at once, subject only to such action by the court as is demanded by the constitution. The courts have the power to, and will undoubtedly, interfere if the action of the commission should become in effect confiscatory of the property of an individual or corporation, or if the commission should undertake to do anything beyond the authority conferred upon it by the law under which it is acting. I am well aware that within the limits thus set the commission may at times be guilty if injustice; but far grosser and far more frequent injustice, and injustice of a much more injurious kind, now results and must always result from the failure to give the commission ample power to act promptly and effectively within these broad limits.

"Though not bearing upon the question of railroad rates, there are two measures for consideration of which is imperatively suggested by the submission of this report. The Standard Oil company has, largely by unfair or unlawful methods, crushed out home competition. It is highly desirable that an element of competition should be introduced by the passage of some such law as that which has already passed the house, putting alcohol used in the arts and manufactures upon the free list. Furthermore, the time has come when no oil or coal lands held by the government, either upon the public domain proper or in territory owned by the Indian tribes, should be alienated. The fee to such lands should be kept in the United States government whether or not the profits arising from it are to be given to any Indian tribe, and the lands should be leased only on such terms and for such periods as will enable the government to keep entire control thereof.

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

May 4, 1906.

SYSTEM IN LIMELIGHT

Effort to Be Made to Break Up the Slavery Practice.

Washington, D. C., May 7.—With a view to breaking up the padrone system under which Greek boys are brought to this country and put to work as bootblacks or fruit venders the immigration authorities are endeavoring to secure the passage of a law prohibiting the admission of children into this country unless accompanied by their parents. For two or three years Greek boys, ranging in age from 10 to 17, have been arriving in the United States, and inquiries made by the federal authorities have developed that they have been held in practical slavery, the boys being kept in colonies and compelled to work for their living, receiving little or no compensation and being provided only with clothing and food enough to eat.

Become Dangerous Characters.

This traffic has been going on for a long time, and since its inception Greek bootblacking parlors in Chicago, New York, Toledo, St. Louis and other big cities have come into commission. It is akin to the old Italian padrone system, and according to immigration authorities equally pernicious. Bootblacks are worked hard, their minds become dwarfed from their constant labors and ill treatment, and eventually, officials say, their training will make them a charge on the country or dangerous characters.

A. A. Seraphic, a naturalized Greek, an inspector in charge of the immigration station at Pensacola, has made a series of investigations for the immigration bureau with a view to ascertaining to just what extent this traffic is carried on by the Greek adventurers who are responsible for it. As a result of his efforts the number of these arrivals has been materially reduced.

Greek Adults Under Contract.

Recently the same syndicates that are interested in bringing boys to this country for employment as bootblacks and fruit venders have enlarged their activities and are now importing adult Greeks under contract. There were 300 or 400 deportations at Ellis island, New York, last week, and it is understood a large proportion of them were Greeks. Attention was attracted to them on account of the fact all of them gave the same destination, had the same story to tell, and each of them had about the same amount of money in his pocket. Inquiry developed evidence strong enough to justify deportation.

While the authorities here claim the traffic in boys has been appreciably diminished, they want laws enacted that will break it up altogether.

Under the present statutes boys arriving here with relatives or who state it is their purpose to join relatives or guardians may be landed and permitted to proceed to their destinations.

Boys Are Ill Treated.

Where cases of this kind have been traced they have invariably led to bootblacking establishments, to groups of Greeks or Assyrians engaged in the business of fruit vending, or to other places where boys are employed. In this city, for example, fifty-five Greek and Assyrian boys, their ages running from 10 to 17 years, are engaged as bootblacks. Officials have every reason to believe they were brought to the United States in illegal manner.

It is understood that highly interesting information, revealing conditions that show great hardships are imposed on boys imported to this country for profit by adventurers, will be submitted to the house committee having in hand the bill prohibiting the admission of children into this country unless accompanied by their parents.

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS.

Washington, May 1.—Senate.—Mr. Daniel occupied a large part of the day with his speech on the rate bill and will continue tomorrow. After debate the resolution thanking General Horace Porter for recovering the body of John Paul Jones was referred to the committee on foreign relations. Mr. Allison explained the disposition which has been made of the money appropriated for the relief of the San Francisco sufferers. Mr. Tillman presented a resolution directing the committee on the District of Columbia to investigate the ejection of Mrs. Minor Morris from the White House, and "especially to inquire whether the superintendent of police and one of the chief witnesses against Mrs. Morris have since received recognition by the appointment of near relatives in office." No action was taken.

House.—By a vote of 153 to 58 it was decided to continue the free distribution of seeds. Many of the items in the agricultural appropriation bill broadening the scope of the department of chemistry were eliminated. Mr. Sherman's request to have the Indian appropriation bill taken from the speaker's table and sent to conference was refused on objection of Mr. Williams.

Washington, May 2.—Senate.—Mr. Newlands introduced a resolution directing the finance committee of the senate and the ways and means committee of the house to consider the feasibility of the government guaranteeing bonds to be issued by San Francisco to provide money for the reconstruction of the city. Both Mr. Flint and Mr. Perkins, of California, deprecated the introduction of the measure at this time, and said the California delegation should have been consulted. The resolution was referred to the committee on finance. Mr. Daniel concluded his speech on the rate bill, and then the army appropriation bill was read. An amendment appropriating $1,500,000 for a supply depot at Fort Mason, San Francisco, was accepted, as was one appropriating $900,000 for a cable to Panama.

House.—The agricultural appropriation bill was completed and passed, including the provision for the free distribution of seeds, which was carried by a vote of 153 to 82. The bill carries $7,481,440. The military academy appropriation bill, carrying $1,663,115, also was passed, after the debate is limited to the anti-pass feature, was adopted. The Kittredge amendment relating to private cars was voted down. The Elkins amendment prohibiting interstate railroads from engaging in the mining of coal or in business other than interstate commerce was debated at some length and will be disposed of tomorrow.

House.—It being Speaker Cannon's seventieth birthday, the house gave a splendid demonstration as he ascended to his seat. Under suspension of the rules forty-five bills were passed, including the following: Authorizing the construction and maintenance of wharves, piers and other structures in Lake Michigan, adjoining certain lands in Lake county, Ind.; amending the internal revenue laws to provide for publicity of records; validating certain certificates of naturalization, issued principally in Chicago and St. Louis, without complying with the immigration act of 1903; granting certain land to the state of Minnesota to be used as a site for construction of a sanitarium for the treatment of consumptives. An order giving the pure food bill, the bill to restrict immigration and the bill framing a code of penal laws for the United States the same right as appropriation bills was adopted.

LOCK CANAL FOR PANAMA

President's Plan Is to Be Adopted.

Washington, D. C., May 5.—While the country's attention was centered upon the railway rate fight in the senate, the administration achieved a notable victory in the committee on interoceanic canals. Although no vote was taken, sufficient strength was developed in the committee to assure the adoption of a lock canal. The most important feature of this decision is that it will shorten the time required to build the canal from fifteen to twenty years.

Acting under the advice of Senator Knox and a number of other eminent attorneys in the senate, the president has taken the position that without additional legislation, he is authorized to build a lock canal. Under the Spooner resolution there is an appropriation authorized which will construct a lock canal. In order to secure the adoption of a sea level canal, the advocates of this type must ask congress to add about $200,000,000 to the canal appropriation. They must do this, it is claimed, when they secure any legislation which provides for a sea level water way. With the present condition of the treasury, Senator Knox and other members of the committee who are supporting the President, Secretary of War Taft and Chairman Shonts realize that the sea level advocates are scarcely in a position to entertain any hope of success.

The friends of the lock type of canal insist that any attempt to build a sea level canal would only occasion a useless delay and expenditure of money. They boldly assert that under the condition on the isthmus, a lock canal is to be preferred to a sea level canal.

A sea level canal, they say, according to the testimony before the committee, would be slower than a lock canal. It would be only a channel 200 feet wide across the isthmus in which there would be more delay occasioned by the passing of large vessels than through the locks of a lock and dam canal. By the Gatuna dam in the plans for a lock canal, a lake 27 miles long and from 2 to 3 miles wide would be created. This would give the vessels virtually lake navigation about one-third way across the isthmus. In this lake steamers could navigate at full speed, and under favorable conditons, smaller boats could sail.

Most of the vesselmen who have appeared before the committee, when advised of this possibility, have become advocates of the lock type, and the administration senators are confident that they can defend their position successfully on the floor of the senate when the legislation is under consideration.

TWAIN HAS BRONCHITIS

Is Now Confined to His Bed in New York.

New York, May 7.—Mark Twain, who had planned to leave this city on Saturday for Dublin, N. H., where he was to spend the summer, has been compelled to postpone his departure indefinitely, owing to an attack of bronchitis developed on Thursday.

A Vindication for Dr. Pierce.

Decision by the Supreme Court of New York State, Against the Ladies' Home Journal.

A verdict has been rendered in favor of the plaintiff in the libel suit brought against the Ladies' Home Journal (published by the Curtis Publishing Co.) by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of which Dr. R. V. Pierce is President. The suit was for $200,000 damages, and was brought by Doctor Pierce against the Curtis Publishing Company, for making false statements about one of his standard family medicines known as *Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription*. In the May number of the Ladies' Home Journal (1904), Mr. Edward Bok, the editor, stated that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription contained alcohol and other harmful ingredients, and Dr. Pierce had in the action alleged that the defendant maliciously published this article containing such false and defamatory matter. Dr. Pierce further claimed that no alcohol is, or ever was, contained in his "Favorite Prescription"; that said medicine was a vegetable preparation and contained no deleterious ingredients whatever; that Mr. Bok's statement, pretending to give some of the ingredients of said medicine, was wholly and absolutely false; and that by means of the publication of the article Dr. Pierce was injured in reputation and good name and credit as a manufacturer, to the extent of $200,000, for which amount of damages he brought suit. During the trial, the Vice-President of the World's Dispensary Medical Association stated, that the ingredients of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription were extracted from the following native roots: Golden Seal, Blue Cohosh, Lady's Slipper, Black Cohosh and Unicorn, by means of pure glycerine. He was asked how he knew, as a physician and experienced medical man, that the "Favorite Prescription" was a *cure* for the diseases peculiar to women, such as leucorrhœa, amenorrhœa, dysmenorrhœa, ante-version, retro-version, and he stated that he knew such was the fact because of his professional experience and the many thousands of women whose ills had been cured by this "Prescription." This experience was corroborated by the standard Medical Authorities of the several schools of medicine endorsing the various ingredients in the strongest terms. The Vice-President, being asked to give authorities as to the value of the above roots, read from the standard works, such as the United States Dispensatory; The American Dispensatory; Organic Medicines, by Grover Coe, M. D.; Materia Medica and Therapeutics, by Professor Finley Ellingwood of the Bennett Medical College of Chicago.

From such authorities and his own professional experience he showed how the ingredients of this "Prescription" acted upon the female system, imparting increased power to the heart's action, and tone to the nervous system, and detailed its remedial influence in disorders of the female organs.

The retraction printed by the Curtis Publishing Company *two months after the libelous statement appeared* stated definitely that analyses had been made at their request and that the "Favorite Prescription" did not contain either alcohol, opium or digitalis. But the business of Dr. Pierce was injured from the effects of the publication of the original libel and the matter was brought before a jury in the Supreme Court of New York State who promptly rendered a verdict in the Doctor's favor.

GOLDEN SEAL ROOT.

Prof. Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennett Med. Col., Chicago, says of Golden Seal: "In its therapeutic (remedial) influence its widest range of action is upon the stomach, in functional disorders of that organ, where the entire apparatus, including the liver is stagnant and inoperative. *It is an important remedy in disorders peculiar to women.* In all catarrhal conditions, especially if there be muscular relaxation and general enfeeblement, it is useful."

BLACK COHOSH ROOT.

Prof. John King, in the American Dispensatory says: "This is a very active, powerful and useful remedy. * * * It possesses an undoubted influence over the nervous system. In small doses the appetite and digestion are improved." He continues, "Upon the reproductive organs it exerts a specific influence, promoting the menstrual discharge. * * *

"Its action is slow, *but its effects are permanent.* It has been used successfully as an antispasmodic in hysteria, epilepsy when due to menstrual failings, periodical convulsions, nervous excitability, and many other spasmodic affections."

LADY'S SLIPPER ROOT.

Edward M. Hale, M. D., Professor in Hahnemann Medical College, Chicago, says: "Useful in hysteria, chorea (St. Vitus's dance), nervous headache, neuralgia and 'fidgetyness.'"

BLUE COHOSH ROOT.

The American Dispensatory says: "Blue Cohosh is used by Indian squaws, they employing a decoction of the root for two or three weeks previous to labor to *facilitate childbirth.*"

Prof. John King, M. D., says: "It has been employed to relieve *irritation of the reproductive organs* dependent on congestion. It controls chronic inflammatory states of the organs and gives tone in cases of debility. *Chronic ovaralgia, leucorrhœa, amenorrhœa (suppressed menstruation)* and *dysmenorrhœa (painful menstruation)*, are conditions in which it has been most successfully employed."

UNICORN ROOT.

Dr. John Fyfe, Editor of the Department of Therapeutics in The Eclectic Review says of Unicorn root (*Helonias Dioica*) one of the chief ingredients of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription:

"A remedy which invariable acts as a uterine invigorator and always favors a condition which makes for normal activity of the entire reproductive system cannot fail to be of great usefulness and of the utmost importance to the general practitioner of medicine. In Helonias we have a medicament which more fully answers the above purposes *than any other drug with which I am acquainted.* In the treatment of diseases peculiar to women it is seldom that a case is seen which does not present some indication for this remedial agent."

If the above symptoms, or any considerable number of them, are present, no invalid woman can do better than take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, one of the leading and predominating ingredients of which is Unicorn root, or Helonias.

We invite all those who would like to read more extended extracts from eminent medical authorities concerning ingredients of "Favorite Prescription," to send for a booklet recently compiled by Dr. Pierce and published by the World's Dispensary Medical Association of Buffalo, N. Y., which will be sent *free* to any one requesting a copy of the same by postal card or letter.

DIMMER'S CORN AND CALLOUS OINTMENT—guaranteed antiseptic, sure cure. Mail 15c, $1.00 doz.

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

JENNINGS

EMILY S. BOUTON, EDITOR

Keynotes of Harmony

WEDNESDAY.

It is by the best use of what we have that we learn our lessons and get ready for more things in a higher class.

THURSDAY.

And remember that unless you are well taken care of, unless your highest nature is well nourished, you curtail your power to help others.

FRIDAY.

Realize that you have energy enough and to spare for anything you want to undertake. Believe in good and you'll be happy and useful.

SATURDAY.

Anything I have to do is a joy. And what I can do you can do if you are resolute and persistent. You need to let your light shine naturally and to let other people shine as they please.

SUNDAY.

Humanity's soul is God, and forgives to seventy times seven the man who lives honestly.

MONDAY.

You are your own lord and master, the arbiter of your own destiny. "Whatever is, is right." I must trust that it is, even when it seems all wrong.

TUESDAY.

To accomplish anything in this world requires definiteness of purpose. A man cannot throw brick and mortar aimlessly and make a house.—Elizabeth Towne.

Value of Humor in Every-Day Living

EMILY S. BOUTON

"No, I am not going. I am quite sure that it will be most artistic and, therefore, realistic, but for that reason it will also be tragic and sorrowful. I do not want my heart wrung with what is, after all, only the semblance of agony when there is so much real suffering constantly before my eyes. I know what you will say, that the opportunity to see such finished work comes but rarely. That is true, but why should I seek for entertainment what simply produces deep sadness without any corresponding benefit, even though it is the product of genius? What helps me most to mee the everyday pin-pricks of life, to say nothing of the greater troubles, is a hearty laugh."

So said a thoughtful woman just before the appearance of Sarah Bernhardt in Toledo. She spoke with the warmest admiration of the wonderful genius of this great actress, but expressed herself thus as unwilling to bear the strain of such a realistic presentation of physical and mental distress. That her feeling was not unwarranted was made evident to me by the declaration of one who witnessed the play—a strong man physically and intellectually—that for days he could not rid himself of the painful impression left by such a marvelous reproduction of intense sorrow.

It is true that all are not moved in the same degree or direction with those of whom I write. There are many people who revel in extreme sensations, though there is nothing admirable in what produces them. They have a morbid love of that which reminds them of the shadowy side of life. They love sickening details of horrors, even while "cold chills" accompany the mental pictures thus painted. Often they delude themselves with the belief that this spinal excitement is the outcome of sympathy, though it has not the slightest effect upon their action.

Fortunately there is growing up in opposition to this love of the horrible a desire to find the sunny side of life, to see if in merriment the troubles and perplexities that seem to crowd upon people in this day and generation may not be forgotten for a season.

My attention was turned to the thought of this tendency, by reading of the money that may be earned in current humorous literature. As, perhaps, an extreme instance, but showing the possibilities, take George Ade, whose income from his plays and books is said to amount to $150,000 a year, or an annual interest at 6 per cent upon $2,500,000! A writer in the Detroit Free Press commenting upon this, remarks that less than twenty years ago Ade was working for $5 a week, while he is now earning over $400 a day!

George Ade is a brilliant writer, but there have been humorists in the past equally good, perhaps better, who have not earned a tithe of this amount. One reason is—it must be—because people did not feel the need of a relief from the strain and struggle of competitive life as they do now, and therefore sought the relaxation of humor to a far less degree. Of course there may be other and personal elements entering into Mr. Ade's success, but in a general way the change in what is demanded as entertainment has a large influence.

This desire for comedy which has been growing stronger as the strain of life upon all sides has become greater, has brought evil with the good. It lies in the tendency to look in a flippant way upon the finest and most sacred things, those which have always been an uplift and an inspiration toward the development of a higher character in both communities and in individuals. The dying out of all reverential feeling is a sorry thing, for its effect must be demoralizing. Yet it is true that nothing in these days is safe from ridicule, and the heartiest laugh is often produced by some travesty upon what is essentially precious to the divine side of human nature.

Unfortunate as this is, and to be resisted, it does not do away with the fact that a keen sense of humor is one of the "gifts of the gods," and its possession to be rejoiced over. He who is thus blessed and can use the gift for the enjoyment of the great public may well be congratulated.

Let us live, live happily then, though we
call nothing our own!
We shal become like the bright gods who
feed on happiness!

The growth of this love of the gay, the bright, the joyous, of the desire to find the humorous side of things, only indexes the need which may be said to have become a necessity. Life has grown so strenuous; its tests are so strong and so numerous, or perhaps, it would be better to say they come in such a rushing tide of events in these later years, that to find some way or ways of lessening the strain is a worthy purpose. Doubtless many of those who are working in this direction are doing so, unconscious of the end which they are serving.

It is not so many years since labor-saving devices began to multiply until now the old ways are gone forever, and we wonder what new fields there are for invention to enter. Hardly has the question formed itself in the thought when the answer comes that it is in ministering to the enjoyment. Today we find the phonograph carried to such perfection that in the quiet of our homes we can listen to an almost perfect reproduction of the beautiful tones of the most noted singers, while the music of the finest orchestras in the world entrance the ear. And without doubt they will be carried to still greater perfection.

Then there has come another thing—heralded from time to time by the newspapers as it progressed. This is a combination of music with the telephone, by which the performer at a central instrument can make sweet strains of melody in a thousand distant places simultaneously. It is no dream, but an accomplished fact, and the instrument with the method of operation was described at length in the April number of the Review of Reviews. Electricity is, of course, the magic power by which the inventor has made the production of music at any given distant point possible.

These things are wonderful. They are needed helps when humanity is confronted with so much tragedy. And yet, after all, it rests finally with the individual to bring light and pleasantness into his life. He must be looking for the possible good in every change that comes, to be found therein.

"When the unexpected happens," writes Lilian Whiting, "make friends with it. Something has been taken away that one cares for very much; but the very fact that one thing is removed, makes room for something else. * * * * * It is not a sign of power, but of weakness, when one clings obstinately to old conditions. There is always a time for changes to come, and not infrequently is it a date wholly unforeseen. But however unfortunate the change may seem—make friends with the new conditions. Vitalize them with hope and faith and love; thus shall a magnetic atmosphere be generated that shall draw to itself all those qualities which are hoped for, and of whose existence one holds clear convictions."

These are good words and true. Into whatever change comes, fear should not be allowed to enter. However depressing it may seem, look it laughingly in the face, and assert your power through the strength of the spirit to turn it finally into good. Make steppingstones of obstacles; transform them "by the alembic of energy, and melt them in the crucible of exalted purpose." Met in this way it is never impossible to see the humorous side of much that would otherwise cast long shadows of gloom and depression.

The Cozy Corner

A HELPFUL SUGGESTION.

Yes, I know I do not look very well to enter upon such a company as yours of the Cozy Corner, but you see, dear friends, I am in the thick of housecleaning, and you all know there isn't much time then for dressing up. Well, what I wanted to say was that, in common with all women who clean house themselves instead of merely bossing the job, I used to get so stiff in my joints and have such dreadful backaches when I was cleaning that sometimes I could hardly get up in the morning. Some who write for the papers say "take a hot bath," or "a cold bath," or something else, before retiring, but when a woman is so tired she can hardly hold her eyes open at bedtime, and has no bath tub, and has to heat the water for a bath on the kitchen stove and wait until she has put all the children to bed, and attended to a thousand things—more or less—she is apt to let the bath go by, and content herself with washing her hands and face for that time.

This year I have tried another plan; I rub my back and the calves of my legs, my arms and shoulders, with a liniment we have for strains and bruises—I could give the name, only it would be considered as advertising. I do this just before retiring, and it does not take five minutes; then I sleep the sleep of the just—and of the tired woman, which is just as good—and in the morning I wake up with never an ache nor pain. Try it, sisters, and take my word for it, you will be glad you had this call today from—"Mary Ann."

In answer to several requests the following poem is given. As it will not be again published it will be well for those wishing to preserve it to clip from the paper and put it in their scrap-book:

THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD.

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the place of their self-content;
There are souls like stars that dwell apart
In a fellowless firmament.
There are pioneer souls that blaze their path
Where highways never ran,
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by;
The men who are good, and the men who are bad—
As good and as bad, as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat
Nor hurl the cynic's ban.
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road—
By the side of the highway of life—
The men who pass with the ardor of hope
And the men who are faint with the strife.
But I turn not aside from their smiles and their tears—
Both part of an infinite plan—
As I live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead,
And mountains of wearisome height;
That the road passes on through the long afternoon,
And stretches away to the night.
But still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice
And weep with the strangers who moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwells there alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by;
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong
Wise, foolish—so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

DOES NOT AGREE WITH OSLER.

I read and enjoy the Cozy Corner very much, and today bring in a new subject for you to think of. I read a short time ago of a bill to compel, or allow, a practicing physician to take the life of the aged, the helpless and cripples—all who would be a care and burden to others. I was shocked when I first read it, and have studied over it since until I can no longer keep silent, but must enter my protest against such a wicked and inhuman idea.

Who would not rather care for their friends through years of helplessness than have them put out of the way at the pleasure of a physician? What makes so many invalids? It is cruel treatment or overwork, and should the sufferers be killed while those who brought them to the condition of an invalid go free?

We all know of cases where a person has been given up by one physician to die, and has recovered under the care of another. Suppose the first doctor had had his say entirely, and the person he condemned to death had suffered; would not that have been murder on the part of the doctor? I think so. I am sure I would rather work for years for an invalid than for one who believes in this cruel doctrine of killing off a person because he is no longer able to work and support himself. I would like to hear what others in the Cozy Corner think on this subject.—"Gray Eyes," from Iowa.

A Writer of Fine Verse

MRS. LOUISE MORGAN SILL.

Mrs. Louise Morgan Sill is an American woman whose fine verse has won her a prominent place in the world of letters. She is widely known through her poems which have been published in the magazines, her first poem having appeared in the Century when she was only seventeen. Her first volume of poems, entitled In Sun and Shade, is one of the spring publications. Mrs. Sill is a daughter of the late Major General Morgan L. Smith, and was born in Honolulu, H. I., during her father's consul generalship there. She is on the editorial staff of Harper's Magazine.

A Glimpse of Ancient China

If you were to go to Canton, one of the largest, and in some respects one of the most progressive of the native cities of the empire, you would be struck with the difference between it and any western city. The narrow streets are filled with low shops with open fronts and roofs inclining to the street, so that the heavy eaves on the heads of those who pass by; the high brick walls are surmounted with battlements from whose embrasures peer the mouths of old iron cannon, often without gun-carriages; the gates, encased in iron, are closed at dusk and opened at daylight.

The little shrines at each house and shop door, where incense is burnt morning and evening to the gods of the soil, remind us of Pompeii, with the shrines to the Lares and Penates, rather than of a modern city. The numerous temples, gorgeous with carving of vermilion and gold, and filled with images of their deities, call our attention to the fact that we are in a land of idolaters. The half-clad coolies, often with little more than a loin-cloth, sweating and toiling under their heavy loads, show us that we are in a land where a man is often little more than a beast of burden.

Yet if you enter the neat, well arranged shops, you will be welcomed with politeness and attention by the well dressed, smiling shopkeeper; on the street you will meet many gentlemen dressed in long robes of delicate colored silk or spotless white grass cloth. A general spirit of good humor, of patient industry and of unremitting toil characterizes the masses.

Though the bustling coolies, as they jostle against one another in the crowded streets, sometimes give vent to their feelings in cursing and quarreling, yet, on the whole, they are ready to beg pardon for any unintentional collision and to grant it without delay. Fights are rare, much fewer than they would be among western laborers in similar circumstances and conditions.

A walk through the narrow streets—or rather alleys as we would call them, for many are not wider than our sidewalks—would show a sight unusual to western eyes. In the early evening the fragrant smoke of the incense arises from the door shrines; each place of business has its lantern hanging at the door inscribed with the name of the shop, while in the middle of the street, above the heads of the passersby, is hung a peanut oil lamp. In most of the open shops this oil has given way to American or Russian kerosene. In a few streets electric lights are found, but the introduction of electricity has hardly proved a success. Not only are the city gates closed at night, but at the end of each block is a barrier of perpendicular wooden bars or of wooden gates swung on hinges. After 8:30 or 9 p. m. in the winter and 11 in the summer, these barriers are closed, so that no one can pass until he can arouse the watchman or wait for him until he makes his next round. These barriers afford great security against robbery, for if the watchmen are faithful the robbers have little chance of escape. Besides these street watchmen, there are others who in the wintertime go their rounds on a plank pathway constructed on the tops of the houses, or look out for fires from high watch towers built of bamboo.

If one goes inside the dwelling houses, he will find little to correspond with our ideas of a home. Comfort and cleanliness are generally wanting. Luxurious seats and spring beds are not to be found. White curtains, graceful hangings and soft carpets are all conspicuous by their absence. The floors are paved with porous tiles, or, in the poorer houses, are simply hard-beaten earth. Yet in the houses of the wealthy there is no little elegance. The stiff-backed chairs and tables are of carved ebony or inlaid with mother-of-pearl or marble. The divan is supplied with mats and cushions on which the guests may recline and smoke their opium, while they may sip their tea and take their refreshments from choice china on the little marble-topped tea-trays or tables arranged around the room.

Here and there along the family streets are found the school rooms where the boys store their memories with Confucian lore, and learn to write the complicated but expressive characters of the Chinese language. The girls are not sent to scho

The houses in the country villages are usually of adobe or sun-dried brick and of concrete. Some of the poorer sort are of bamboo wattles, coated with mud, while those of the better class are of burnt brick.

The Chinese are satisfied with their simple country houses, for they know no better. To us the general impression is that of squalor and poverty; yet many of their purest pleasures and most pleasing memories cluster around the homes of their childhood, and they show as sincere an attachment to their ancestral villages and temples as men of more favored lands feel towards their more comfortable and elegant dwellings on country farms.—Sturm's Statehood Magazine.

DOWAGER EMPRESS OF CHINA, TSI AN, WHO IN HER YOUNGER DAYS WAS CONSIDERED MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN CHINA.

What Shall We Eat?

Among the dwellers in towns and cities the ever recurring question with many families is, how shall we keep our bills for food within our limit, and yet provide the proper food for our family? In the country it is not so hard to decide this question as sufficient nourishing food is always at hand and can be had without the outlay of money required in a city. Cooking schools and scientists have been trying for years to evolve bills of fare that will meet the requirements of families of moderate means and healthy appetites. From one experiment station the following was found to be satisfactory:

Meals for 40 cents a day per capita:

Breakfast.

Oranges.
Cream of Wheat (or some breakfast food)
Creamed Potatoes Brain Croquettes
Popovers. Coffee and Cream.

Luncheon.

Veal Green Peas
Bread and Butter
Tea or Cocoa
Apple Tarts with Cream

Dinner.

Tomato Soup with Croutons
Porterhouse Steak, Baked Potatoes
Lima Beans Bread and Butter
Tapioca Cream

Meals for 20 cents per capita:

Breakfast.

Apple Sauce Oatmeal
Dried Beef with White Sauce
Baking Powder Biscuit
Coffee

Luncheon.

Rice and Peas (dried)
Bread and Butter.
Corn Starch Pudding
Tea or Milk

Dinner.

Potato Soup
Round of Beef, choped and baked.
Bread and Butter
Taploca Milk.

The bill of fare was varied each day, but the same general idea was carried out and could be provided at the same cost in most places, for in markets where some of the articles might cost more, others would be correspondingly less.

A further experiment made at this school resulted in a bill of fare that could be provided for 13 cents a day for each person. This consisted of oatmeal, codfish balls, corn bread and coffee for breakfast; split pea soup with bread for luncheon, and for dinner, beef stew, macaroni and cheese, rice, bread and butter and suet pudding.

In these bills of fare you will notice an entire elimination of eggs, which contain nearly all of the elements needed for the nutriment of the body. They supply the place of meat, and at nearly all times of the year are cheaper than meat. Poultry, also, is not considered and in the fall, especially, this is plentifully supplied at reasonable rate.

The Blade Cook suggests that our readers experiment a little for themselves in preparing meals for the average family—average in number and in a financial way—and give us the results. Make a limit of the price you wish to pay for each individual and see how you can do best with the money. Or, try your usual meals for a week, keeping strict account of the market price of what you use, and then figure out what it has cost you per meal.

It is as interesting as to plan a course of study along any other line, or to study any of the more (so-called) scientific problems of life.

If our girls and women would plan and study the work of their housekeeping from a scientific standpoint; plan their meals so as to cover the needs of the family and still keep within their means, and endeavor to make all of the various parts of the household economy work together for good, there would be found fewer poor housekeepers in the land; fewer unhappy families and fewer women who are obliged to resort to club work to fill in their time, or "improve" themselves in higher ways of living. A good—a truly good—housewife can control society and—yes, politics—far more successfully by her influence in her home over her voters, than she can by platform speeches or pleadings for her rights.

Not that clubs are not a means of grace to many women who could not, if they tried, influence their men folks, but on the whole, the woman who does the studying necessary to enable her to properly care for her house and her family, to cook wholesome and strength-giving means, to make a home, will find her time fully occupied, and she will neither rust out nor become selfish or narrow minded. The important thing is to avoid extremes either way.

What has this to do with the subject with which we started out? Everything.

M. G. R.

I would like to shake hands with "Andy" on the question of love through correspondence. His views are very similar to mine, and some of the pleasantest recollections of my younger days are those associated with my correspondence. "Andy," my friend died, but it was after we had met for the first time, and although it has been nearly four years since then, I cannot erase from my memory the noble and inspiring traits possessed by this young man.

It is not, however, always safe to trust to this method of love or friendship, as we are liable to find many who prove to be different, upon a closer acquaintance, than their "pen pictures" have led us to believe.—"Hoosier Sis."

I have been much interested in the discussions on two or three subjects that have been placed before the M. G. R.'s recently; especially in the one concerning love through correspondence. For my part I do not consider it possible, for while letters from an unknown correspondent may prove so interesting that we "can hardly wait for them," and we may, through these letters, cultivate a certain amount of affection for the writer, still I do not think such affection could ever produce a true love that would incline either party to a matrimonial venture without a nearer acquaintance. It seems that our pleasure in such a correspondence would rise more from our natural curiosity than from any other sentiment. I, too, have had something of the experience related by "Andy," though mine did not have so sad an ending.

I think the youth from Pennsylvania must have taken his name from Longfellow's Evangeline as the name of the "wealthiest farmer of Grand Pre," was Benedict Bellefontaine.

One the question of the "darling" and the "slave" in married life, I will just say that I never see a married couple where extremes meet in respect to age, but I feel pity for both parties. On the other hand, who does not enjoy—if not envy—the happiness of those who are suitably and properly mated?

"Brunette" gave us a more pleasing experience in housekeeping than some others have done, and it was very agreeable to hear. Of the list of books she sent, the only one I have yet read is Lucille. This spring I am giving my spare time to a study of Shakespeare's works and would like to hear from the M. G. R.'s, which of these they like best, and why? My choice of those I have already read is The Merchant of Venice.—"The Black Knight."

Since it is proper to relate experiences, and I have had no unusual ones in housekeeping, I think I may be allowed to relate some along the school teaching line, for you see, I must speak out in meeting once or twice in a while, in order to hold my membership in the M. G. R. One day the Fifth grade physiology lesson was on "Tobacco." I asked "When do men not use tobacco?" The boy who is idle promptly replied, "When they are asleep." I agreed that this was nearly the truth, but called upon the boy who studies, to give the answer in the book, and received the correct answer—"when training for a race." Then I asked "Why?" Again the idle boy gave prompt answer, "Because they don't have time to spit."

Another day the Fourth grade grammar lesson was "Adjective Clauses." Sentences were given containing adjectives which were to be changed to clauses. The boy who is dull had trouble, I tried to explain at length until I hoped he could change one sentence alone. The next given was "A vain woman is never beautiful." He read it and studied it and frowned at it, until at last light seemed to come to him, and looking up said confidently — "A woman's vain is never beautiful."

These are but two incidents and you must not judge my school by them, for the boys mentioned are not typical boys of my school.

Now, M. G. R.'s, attention. You are one and all invited to come and see, and smell my great bed of violets. If you are too late for them, the invitation holds good for a choice of roses, lilies of the valley, lilacs and narcissus.

I will leave you now with a gem from Elizabeth Barrett Browning:

Oh, the little birds sang East, and the
little birds sang West.
And I smiled to think God's greatness
flowed around our incompleteness;
'Round our restlessness, His rest.
—"Buckeye Schoolma'am."

Banner Puzzlers

FOR FEB.

New Work ..... Dode
Solutions ..... Pauline

BANNER PUZZLERS For March.

New York—Buckeye Jr.
Solutions—W. P. E.

1.—WHO WAS HE.

He was born in Kentucky June 3rd, 1808. During his childhood his father removed to Mississippi. He graduated from West Point in 1828, and was employed in the army on the border. He resigned his commission in 1835, and returning to Mississippi, married a daughter of General Taylor, and became a cotton planter. In 1845 he entered congress, but soon joined the army in Mexico, and distinguished himself at Buena Vista. In 1847 he was made senator for Mississippi, and was noted for his defense of slavery and state sovereignty. He became secretary of war under the Pierce administration, but on the election of Buchanan was returned to the senate, where he later announced the secession ordinance of Mississippi, and withdrew from the capital. On the collapse of the rebellion he was captured at Irwinsville, Georgia, May 10th, 1865 (just 41 years ago today) and imprisoned in Fortress Mosroe until May 13th, 1867, when he was released on bail without trial. He died December 6th, 1889, at New Orleans, La.

CLEO DAVIS.

2.—ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

I bought an article for a certain amount, and sold it at a loss of 7 per cent. I sold another article that cost the same amount at a gain of 3 per cent; the difference between the selling prices of the two articles was 40 cents. What was the cost price?

HAWKEYE.

3.—DOUBLE DIAGONAL.

```
o x x x   —   x x x o
x o x x   —   x x o x
x x o x   —   x o x x
x x x o x x o x x x
          x o o x
          x o o x
x x x o   —   o x x x
x x o x   —   x o x x
x o x x   —   x x o x
o x x x   —   x x x o
```

1.—(hyphenated word) Acidity.
2.—(hyphenated word) A copy.
3.—(hyphenated word) Uncivilized.
4.—That may be allowed or permitted.
5.—A girl's name.
6.—Product of the poultry yard.
7.—Fighting; disputing.
8.—(hyphenated word) Original.
9.—(hyphenated word) Combination of mercury with another metal.
10.—(hyphenated word) Close of day.
Crossed Diagonals give the name of the most hopeful season of the year.

ANABEL LEE.

4.—PHONETIC POETRY.

"Wh-t ch-nge h-s m-d- th- p-st-r-s sw--t
-nd r-ch-d th- d--s--s -t m-f---t
-nd cl--d th-t w--rs — g-ld-n h-m?
Th-s l-v-l- w-rld th- h-lls th- sw-rd,
The— -ll l--k fr-sh -s -f —r L-rd
B-t y-st-rd-- h-d f-n-sh-d th-m."

DODE.

5.—QUERY.

What was the first vessel ever built in Massachusetts, and when did its launching occur?

BUCKEYE, JR.

6—QUOTATION.

Who wrote:
"Give me the avow'd, the erect, the manly foe;
Bold I can meet, perhaps may turn his blow;
But of all plagues, Good Heavens, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh, save me from the candid friend!"

W. P. E.

Answers to Puzzles of April 26th.

1.—Henry Clay.
2.—47 1-17; 52 16-17. (See chat.)
3.—Words forming octagon and cross: Off, store, fearing, fortune, defunct, cynic, fed.
4.—Theodore Roosevelt.
5.—The first newspaper established in France was the Gazette de France, published by Renaudot in 1631.
6.—Richard B. Sheridan wrote: "My valor is certainly going! It is sneaking off! I feel it oozing out, as it were, at the palms of my hands!"

Chat.

The solution sent by L. J. B. to his problem answered today is this:

2-3 equals 3-4; 2-3x3-4 equals 8-9, 9 plus 8 equals 17; 8-17 plus 9-17 equals 100. 100 divided by 17 equals 5 15-17; one part. 8 parts equal 8x5 15-17 or 47 1-17; 9 parts equal 9x5 15-17 or 52 16-17.

There was a fine, large class in the 'Cademy this morning. George W. Hasselton, Pauline, C. Austin, W. P. E., Buckeye, Jr., C. C. Page, E. C. Ward, L. J. Baird, E. G. Richards, J. P. Smith and Alice Teasdall.

Explaining a recent rule sent by him in solution of one of his problems W. P. E. says:

"Tell Geo. Vore that the rule is not intended to be used in land measure, but only in directing the construction of triangles whose sides are integral."

C. Austin—You certainly give a "lengthy" explanation of the problem.

E. C. Ward—You had a good lesson. Come as often as you can.

J. P. Smith—Your problems will be used very soon. Thank you for rewriting them.

C. C. Page and Alice Teasdall—Strangers are very welcome. Come often.

RABBIT.

I s'pose it takes a feller 'at's ben
Raised in a county-town, like me,
To 'preciate rabbits! . . . Eight or ten
Bellerin' boys and two er three
Yelpin' dawgs all on the trail
O' one little pop-eyed cottontail!

'Bout the first good fall o' snow—
So's you kin track 'em, don't you know,
Where they've run,—and one by one
Hop 'em up and chase 'em down
And prod 'em out of a old bresh-pile
Er a holler log they're a-hidin' roun',
Er 'way en-nunder the ricked cord-wood
Er crosstie-stack by the railroad track
'Bout a mile
Out o' sight o' the whole ding town! . .
Well! them's times 'at I call good!

Rabbits!—w'y, as my thoughts goes back
To them old boyhood days o' mine,
I kin sic him now and see "Old Jack"
A-plowin' snow in a rabbit-track
And a-pitchin' over him, head and heels,
Like a blame hat-rack,
As the rabbit turns fer the timber-line
Down the County Ditch through the old cornfileds! . . .

Yes, and I'll say right here to you,
Rabbits that boys has earnt, like that—
Skinned and hung fer a night er two
On the old back-porch where the pump's done froze—
Then fried 'bout right, where your breakfast's at,
With hot brown gravy and shortenin' bread—
Rabbits, like them—er I ort to 'a' said,
I s'pose,
Rabbits like those
Ain't so p'ticlar pore, I guess,
Fer eatin' purposes!

—James Whitcomb Riley in the Reader for May.

May Day in Central Park

Twenty thousand children in one May party, with so many queens and courts that Central park is like a fairyland—this is one of the springtime sights of New York, which wafts to the hearts of those who behold it a quickening kind of sentiment that makes them young again, writes David Lansing in The Outing Magazine for May. One May party twenty thousand strong would be a unique carnival in any other city of the world. In Central park it is almost lost in the gay succession of such festivities which turn a laughing tide of children over the grass and under the trees through the months of May and June. An organized invasion five thousand strong is hardly worth notice, and the casual bystander with the leisure to attempt a census of this movement of diminutive population would think himself conservative if he reckoned that a million children streamed through the gate of the park and scattered among its green hills during the sweetest, freshest month of all the year.

The mimic royalties of these May days find no "Keep off the grass" signs. The verdured stretches of parkland are theirs for the asking. Civic power in the guise of a large and good humored policeman graciously grants written permits to a properly organized party with its queen, maids of honor, and train of courtiers and subjects duly escorted by "grown-ups." And with these magic documents, sovereignty is extended for a day over the city's greatest playground. The classes may whirl along the flawless driveways in victorias and automobiles, but the masses really own the park, and make known the fact with shouts and laughter that echo from every glade and slope.

The children who stream through the city streets in proudly parading columns with banners and garlands to "have a May party," do not come from the homes whose pampered darlings are permitted conventionally to promenade in the park in charge of chattering nursemaids. For these tumultuous thousands come from the poorest quarters of New York, and "ice cream an' cake an' lemonade" are so rare a holiday distraction that they alone would make the memory of the May party glorious without the pomp of royalty.

The playtime in the park begins formally with the planting of the May-pole, and the formal coronation of her majesty the queen. From a hilltop you may see a dozen of these May-pole dances with their revelers weaving through the mazes of the "ribbon walk," until the pretty pattern of children and color is clustered around the beribboned pole and the groups break up into cake-walking, whose fascinations are more potent than any Old World customs of May day.

The royal canopies and bowers are set aside under the trees, and the court mingles with its subjects. Games spring up on every side. Baseball nines assemble; "Ring Around the Rosey" and "Drop the Handkerchief" rage like an epidemic, and those who prefer to "go it alone" play with the joyful abandon of kittens at nothing in particular.

Many of these children so seldom see the green open spaces, which in Central park are like the real unbounded country, that they are content to roll downhill, to sprawl under the trees, to conduct venturesome explorations over beyond the nearest slope. After all, play is only a device for killing time until that great hour when "somethin' to eat" is due. Long before the appointed time, the children begin to drift toward the tents and booths where in are stored those things to eat and drink, lacking which a picnic were tame indeed. Waiting lines tail across the meadow, boys in one column, girls in another. There is much fidgeting and the burden of an impatient chorus is, "When is it going to begin?"

When "it" does begin, there is havoc indeed. Fond mothers who rear their precious progeny according to the rules and regulations laid down in the modern manuals of "child culture" would faint at sight of the amazing feats of these reckless thousands of sturdy young Americans. Their mothers sit by and enjoy it, shamelessly ignorant that the "growing child should be nourished on the simplest and most regular diet, with a careful proportion observed in the relative amounts of bone and muscle-making foods."

The ice cream barrows, the barricades of sandwiches, the mounds of candy and oranges, the tanks of milk and lemonade are fairly stormed, and no child is turned away as long as it is able to surround another helping of anything. The only suffering apparent is that baffled anguish which arises from sheer inability to hold any more. A chunky mite of a lad wails with tears in his voice

"I has ate two dwinks of milks, free glasses of lemonade, a bananer, a orange, a hunk o' cake, a sandwich wid bolony in it, some ice cream, some candy, an' I don't want nuffin' more. Why is boys' tummicks so weenty-teenty, Ma?"

Mother is so little concerned at the tidings that she focuses her attention upon another of her brood who pipes up:

"I couldn't help tearin' me pants on de nail. Ouch, ma! I won't do it again."

"Come here, Susie, you'll droive me wild wid yer rollin' in the dirt, and you in your clean dress and wid yer face washed this very marnin', indeed——"

"So Denny has swallowed a whole banana skin. It won't hurt him, but he mustn't do it again. Where is Martin? You've lost him? Bad luck! Run yonder an' fetch the cop. We must be lookin' for him."

Finding lost children is a systematized feature of a big May party, wherefore parents seldom display hysterical symptoms when they find themselves shy an offspring. A tent for lost children is pitched on the meadow, and it gathers in many strays during one of these huge picnics. In fact, there would be many weeping mothers and distracted daddies to cast a cloud of gloom over the occasion, were it not for this tent and its activities. You will find a crowd around it all day when ten or twenty thousand children are turned loose at one time. They mingle so heedlessly with the throngs, they are so readily borne along from one venture to the other, and at a little distance they are so much like white dots scattered over a green carpet, that their less agile guardians can not be blamed for losing them.

There are nowhere near enough mothers to go around, you must remember, for many of them must stay at home, and most of the lost children have simply strayed away from their particular groups. But once adrift, they are helpless and confused, and after wandering until they tire, they lift their voices in wailing appeal, a policeman is summoned, and they are led to the tent to wait for a resuce party.

The procedure is often like this:

A panting mother toils to the tent and demands her youngster.

"We've got twenty-one of them rounded up here. Take your pick, ma'am," politely responds the custodian. "If you don't see what you want, sit down and wait, and we'll have some more pretty soon."

"He's five years old, and he lisps, and two of his front teeth are gone, and his hair is yellow and he had on his best suit," she cries. "And he isn't here. Oh, John MacHenry Stubbs! if you're in that bunch, why don't you holler out to your poor mother?"

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GARFIELD REPORT FILED

Standard Controls All but 3,000,000 Barrels of Output.

Washington, May 4.—In summarizing his report to congress this afternoon on the oil trust, Commissioner Garfield speaks of his personal visit to the oil fields and of the great mass of data obtained by him either personally or through agents of the bureau of corporations. The preliminary study of this material, he says, showed that the most important subject was transportation which enters so largely into the cost of the finished product and hence a most important factor in competition.

Taking up the subject of the output of refined oil, Mr. Garfield finds that it amounts to about 26,000,000 barrels annually, of which the Standard Oil company directly and indirectly controls about 23,000,000, and approximately the same proportion of the other finished products of petroleum. Continuing the report says:

Undue Advantage Taken.

"The Standard claims that the location of its refineries and the use of pipe lines are natural advantages to which it is justly entitled by reason of the energy and foresight of its managers. While in a measure that is true, it must not be forgotten that these advantages were in part obtained by means of unfair competitive methods after years of fierce industrial strife.

"The development of the pipe line system by the Standard Oil company was the result of special agreements with railroad companies. Furthermore, those so-called natural advantages have been and are being greatly increased by discriminations in freight rates, both published and secret, interstate and state, which give the Standard monopolistic control in the greater portion of the country, and which so limit competition as to practically prevent the extension of the business of any independent to a point which even remotely endangers the supremacy of the Standard.

Higher in Noncompetitive Fields.

"An immediate result of this delimitation of the competitive area is shown by the prices of ordinary illuminating oil throughout the country. After deducting the freight rate, the price of such oil is usually from two cents to five cents a gallon higher in the noncompetitive than in the competitive fields. A reasonable profit upon refined oil is about one-half a cent per gallon. It is clear that exorbitant profits are obtained in the noncompetitive fields. This monopolistic control extends from the well of the producer to the door of the consumer."

Mr. Garfield cites the fact that the New York Central Railroad company was the only one which refused for itself and affiliated lines to give access to records of state rates.

Secret Rebate Was $750,000.

At the beginning of the investigation, he says, the Standard Oil company denied that it had obtained in recent years or was now obtaining any rebate or other transportation discrimination as against its competitors, and yet he says that a most careful review of the facts and the explanations leads to the conclusion that "the Standard Oil company has habitually received from the railroads, and is now receiving secret rates and other unjust and illegal discriminations." In 1904 these secret rates saved to the Standard Oil company three-quarters of a million dollars, representing the difference between the open rates and the rates actually paid. "These discriminations," he says, "have been so long continued, so secret, so ingeniously applied to new conditions of trade, and so large in amount as to make it certain that they were due to concerted action by the Standard and the railroads." He says further that the Standard Oil company is receiving unjust discriminations in the matter of open rates, the published rates from the leading Standard shipping points being relatively much lower than rates from the shipping points of its competitors.

Cites Seven Instances.

Mr. Garfield then refers to seven instances of important discrimination in favor of the Standard Oil company in various parts of the country, and says that most of the secret rates and some of the open discriminations discovered by the bureau were abolished by the railroads shortly after such discovery. After calling attention to the good which already has resulted from the investigation, Mr. Garfield says that the changes effected have put the independents upon a fairer footing and make competition possible in territories heretofore inaccessible. The report concludes as follows:

"Nevertheless, the widespread discriminations in open rates still in force leave the independents at serious disadvantage. The investigation has only incidentally touched state shipments from distributing centers, particularly in less than carloads. The few instances examined suggest the probability of discriminations on such shipments which, taken in connection with through traffic, may result in discriminations on interstate business.

"I have cited these particular instances to show the various methods by which discriminations are obtained, and to call particular attention to methods which, if legal, are mere devices to obtain exactly the same result as would be obtained by rebates paid on interstate business. Any freight discrimination, whether it be state or interstate, tends to give control of markets to the preferred shipper, and makes monopoly possible. If existing law merely prohibits a special device for obtaining discrimination, and permits the same result to be accomplished in a different way, then the legislation is to that extent a sham.

Glaring Defect in Law.

"This investigation has shown very clearly one glaring defect in the interstate commerce law, viz., the method of filing and publishing tariffs.

"Although a tariff or a rate has been filed with the commission in compliance with the terms of the law, none but the favored shipper may know of its existence. Tariffs may be made and rates may be combined in such manner as to make it practically impossible for the ordinary shipper to find them. As long as the state rates are not required to be made public, and shippers use such rates in combination with interstate rates, all manner of devices to evade the purpose of the law are possible. All state rates used in connection with interstate shipments should be filed with the interstate commerce commission, and a radical change should be made in the direction of simplifying tariffs and in methods of posting and filing them."

SULTAN GIVEN WARNING

Great Britain Excited Over Action of Turkey.

London, May 3.—"Unless Turkey quickly withdraws her troops from Tabah, Great Britain will take action which will bring the sultan to his senses," said an official of the foreign office. Thus far England has shown extreme patience, listening quietly to the contentions of the Turkish ambassador that the district occupied belongs to the sultan's empire, but insisting that the troops must be withdrawn before the boundary question is discussed.

What action is contemplated is known only in inner circles, but probably it will be in the nature of a demonstration by the British Mediterranean fleet at Turkish ports.

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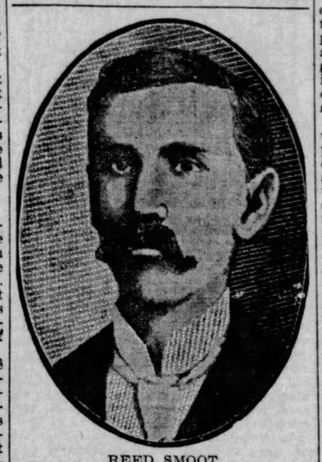
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION
25 CTS. 25 CTS.

WILL SUSTAIN CHARGES

Majority of Senate Committee Are Against Smoot.

Washington, May 3.—A poll of the senate committee on privileges and elections developed that a majority will vote to sustain the charges against Senator Reed Smoot, but that the full strength of the opposition cannot be held for a report recommending the exclusion of the senator, which would



REED SMOOT.

require only a majority vote of the senate.

In view of this showing, those who believe the charges against the Utah senator were proved, are seeking an agreement by which a report can be made in favor of unseating Mr. Smoot, and without taking into consideration the constitutional questions involved.

If this is done it would leave to the senate the determination of the question whether a majority or two-thirds vote is required to unseat him.

U. S. TRADE WITH BRAZIL

Aggregated in Round Numbers $110,000,000.

Washington, May 7.—A bulletin issued by the department of commerce and labor says that the trade of the United States with Brazil aggregates in round numbers $110,000,000, a larger sum than with any other country of South America.

Our imports from Brazil for the fiscal year 1905 aggregated $99,843,094, against $15,354,901 from Argentina and $11,071,613 from Chile. Exports to Brazil from the United States in 1905 were but $10,985,096, against $23,564,066 to Argentina, and formed less than one-fifth of our total exports to South America. Of the imports from Brazil in 1905, $64,000,000 was coffee, $28,500,000 India rubber, and $2,750,000 hides and skins.

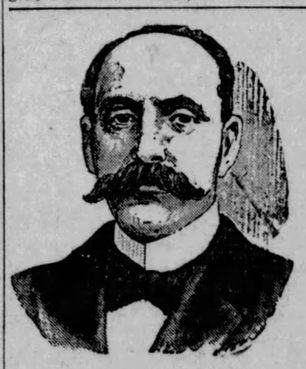
Comparing conditions in 1905 with those of 1895, the bulletin says, the total exports to Brazil show a fall of from $15,165,079 in 1895 to $10,985,096 in 1905, the decrease occurring chiefly in provisions.

SIR DURAND IS TO SAIL

Question of Waterways to Be Decided.

Washintgon, D. C., May 4.—Sir Mortimer Durand, the British ambassador, called at the state department yesterday afternoon and said good-bye to Secretary Root preparatory to leaving Washington. He will sail from New York on Saturday for England on the Etruria.

It is not likely the ambasasdor will be gone more than a month, as he desires to



SIR MORTIMER DURAND.

return to Washington before Secretary Root leaves the United States to visit South America. While in England he will discuss with the foreign office various questions pending between the United States and Great Britain, and it is expected that upon his return steps will be taken to prepare treaties settling disputes between the United States and Canada over waterways on the common boundary.

WATERWAYS COMMISSION

Roosevelt Sends Report on Niagara Falls to Congress.

Washington, May 7.—President Roosevelt today sent to congress the report of the international waterways commission on the preservation of Niagara Falls.

The report contains recommendations for the restriction of the amount of water to be diverted for power purposes, and suggests that the amount of water to be diverted be limited either by treaty or legislation. The limitation is placed at 36,000 cubic feet per second from the Canadian side and 18,500 cubic feet per second from the American side, in addition to 10,000 cubic feet per second authorized for the Chicago drainage canal.

CARRIED BOMB; KILLED

Explosion Takes Life of One and Wounds Another in Paris.

Paris, May 3.—A bomb explosion occurred on the Forest of Vincennes at 2 o'clock this afternoon, killing a Russian named Strie, and dangerously wounding a companion named Boussnoff.

The two men were proceeding through the woods, each carrying a bomb with the evident purpose of hiding them for future use. While so doing, the bomb which Strie carried exploded, killing him instantly. Boussnoff was struck by fragments of the bombs and fearfully lacerated.

The police have not yet been able to establish the identity and the connections of the men. The remaining bomb has not yet been examined owing to the danger in handling it.

CHINA ON HIGH HORSE

Its Exercise of Rights Over Manchuria Not Agreeable.

Washington, May 3.—China is asserting her dignity and rights as to the province of Manchuria, wrested from Russian control as a result of the war, in a manner that is not entirely agreeable to all of the powers.

The first manifestation of this falls upon the United States. Partly to sustain the Chinese claim to sovereignty over the province, and also to secure the open door as against either of the parties to the great combat the state department early in the quarrel took steps to establish consulates at Amtung and Tatungkow, and Mukden and Dalny.

During the progress of the war, and while the country was in military occupancy, it was not possible to actually open offices at these places, but as soon as Japan and Russia were willing to withdraw their troops it was of course assumed that there would be no further difficulty experienced in installing the American consuls.

Now, however, it appears that China is interposing obstacles, supposed at first to be grounded entirely upon a desire to merely assert herself and gratify her vanity, but at last found to have a much more substantial basis.

In fact, the Chinese government, it is understood, is now determined to make a stand against an extension of foreign land holdings in China, and finds the opportunity to make the issue in connection with the establishment of foreign consulates in Manchuria.

PRESENTS CREDENTIALS

Ambassador From Japan Calls on President Roosevelt.

Washington, May 4.—Viscount Aoki, recently appointed first ambassador of Japan to the United States, was presented formally to the President yesterday.

At the White House Ambassador Aoki was received by Secretary of State Root and conducted to the blue room, where the introduction to the President took place. The personal greetings be-

VISCOUNT AOKI.

tween the President and the ambassador were cordial.

Ambassador Aoki laid before the President his credentials from the Japanese emperor and delivered his address. The President responded in a sincerely cordial vein. Afterward, the President and the ambassador had a pleasant personal conversation.

NOW UNDER MOB RULE

Election Troubles In Guadaloupe, French West Indies.

Washington, May 7.—Guadaloupe, French West Indies, is under mob rule, according to a dispatch received at the state department today from G. Jarvis Bowens, the American consul at that point. His dispatch says the mob is in control and the authorities are unable to restrain it.

Election troubles are the cause of the disturbance. For several weeks there has been rioting. While there are few Americans at the place large quantities of American goods are stored there.

At the request of the state department, the navy department has ordered Commander William H. Sutherland, the senior officer in command of the fleet at San Domingo, to send a warship at once to Guadaloupe to protect American interests from the rioters. The sail from San Domingo to Guadaloupe is not more than twenty-four hours.

The following vessels are available for service: Yankee, Dubuque, Paducah, Newport, Scorpion and Nashville. The department did not designate any particular vessel, leaving the selection to the judgment of Commander Sutherland.

TREATED LIKE PIRATES

Americans Held In Captivity by Mexicans.

Pensacola, Fla., May 3.—Languishing in a Mexican prison, half dead for want of food and water, their bodies reeking with vermin, is the condition of the captain and crew of the Pensacola fishing smack Silas P. Stearns, which was captured by a Mexican war vessel off the coast of Yucatan on April 16, according to a letter received here from Captain Malfalno. The letter was sent to Senator Mallory for transmission to the state department.

The letter says that the vessel was captured near Grand Reef island because the smack had no license to fish in Mexican waters. It was towed to Bregreso, where the crew was thrown into jail without an opportunity to communicate with either the American or the Italian consul. The schooner was placed in charge of soldiers, and the men treated like pirates. The letter further says.

"Monday, when the strong northeast wind blew, we left off fishing and proceeded to the island, thirty miles distant, for shelter. In the meantime we went over to the lighthouse keeper to get some bread and a little flour. He gave us about ten pounds of sea biscuits. After the second day we went out in order to proceed to the same place. We left off fishing, and about 8 or 9 o'clock we were taken in charge by the Mexican man-of-war about ten miles distant. Fortunately, we had no fish on deck, and were not fishing, or they could have sent us to prison for life."

PRETENDER LOSES 30 MEN

Troops of Sultan Meet Those of Aspirant to Moroccan Throne.

Melilla, Morocco, May 3.—In a fight which occurred in the vicinity of the Muluya valley with troops of the sultan, the pretender to the throne of Morocco lost thirty men in dead and wounded. The fight was still in progress when this news reached here.

OIL MAGNATES REPLY

Bitterly Take Roosevelt and Garfield to Task.

New York, May 5.—While declaring that they haven't had time to give the President's message or Garfield's report a very careful reading, H. H. Rogers and John D. Archbold have nevertheless given out the following statement, in which they do not mince words in the least:

"In the President's effort to secure

the passage of a bill enlarging the powers of the interstate commerce commission and just and equitable railway rates, we have precisely the same interest that any good citizen has. No more and no less. Regarding his criticisms upon the management of the railways or his strictures upon any acts of the interstate commerce commission, we have neither responsibility nor concern.

"When, however, he or Commissioner Garfield attacks the Standard Oil company, and uses its methods of doing business as an object lesson for the purpose of promoting his views we protest. It may be frankly stated at the outset that the Standard Oil company has at all times, within the limits of fairness and with due regard for the law, sought to secure the most advantageous freight rates and routes possible. There will be no denial of this fact on our part. The question is whether we have at any point violated the law or the proprieties.

Investigation Invited.

"The present inquiry grew out of a resolution adopted by congress a year ago on motion of Mr. Campbell, of Kansas, instructing the secretary of commerce and labor to investigate the oil business as carried on in this country. We welcomed the investigation. When Commissioner Garfield, in the discharge of his duty, visited our office he and his experts were given free access to our books and the fullest opportunity to ascertain the manner in which our business was conducted. Frank disclosures of all of our methods were made and every criticism offered by him was met with a candid and painstaking answer.

"So conscious were we of our rectitude that we repeatedly importuned Mr. Garfield to make public the conditions existing in Kansas, but he refused. We proposed ourselves to answer some of the unfair criticism upon the subject, but refrained on Mr. Garfield's advice, and on his assurance that his report would present the case fairly. It turned out that so far as Kansas was concerned, the state authorities abandoned their attack.

Don't Care to Argue With Teddy.

"One does not care to bandy words with the President of the United States. It is not easy to differentiate between Mr. Roosevelt the President and Mr. Roosevelt the individual. He has given us of his advice most generously upon every subject from the size of our families to the mistakes of the federal judges, and some error is inevitable now and then to the most conservative man under such circumstances.

"We say flatly that any assertions that the Standard Oil company has been or is knowingly engaged in practices which are unlawful is alike untruthful and unjust.

15,000,000 Barrels Exported.

"The commissioner's report upon which the President's message is based, opens with the statement that the manufacture of refined oil in this country is about 26,000,000 barrels annually. It is important, but it would nevertheless have been fair for him to have stated that over 15,000,000 of barrels of this annual manufacture is exported and with its manufacture or the price, the American public is not interested.

"He charges that this location of refineries and the natural advantages following it were obtained by means of unfair competitive methods, but beyond this mere assertion does not go into a history or explanation of the alleged unfair methods at all. He says the development of the pipe line system by the Standard Oil company was the result of special agreement with the railroad companies. What this can mean is past our comprehension. As a matter of fact the development of the pipe line system by the Standard Oil company was in the face of violent hostility on the part of the railroads, which naturally were opposed to the introduction of such means of transportation.

Kerosene Prices Unaffected.

"Mr. Garfield claims that the refusal to prorate on the part of the New England railroads has given the Standard Oil company practical control of New England territory and enabled it to maintain exorbitant prices for kerosene. Yet while it is admitted that the New Haven road has recently begun to prorate, this alleged condition of control has not changed in any way, nor have the prices of kerosene been affected. The New England roads believe they can make more money by a refusal to prorate and if in so doing they are violating the proprieties, clearly they and not the Standard Oil Co. should be made the object of attack.

"The commissioner is peculiarly unfortunate on the subject of 'rebates.' The public may well take his word that he made an exhaustive examination, and yet withal he says that 'with one or two exceptions the investigations of the bureau have as yet discovered no rebates in the technical sense of interstate business.' These exceptions were on business done wholly within the state of California, over which neither Mr. Garfield's bureau nor the interstate commerce commission have any jurisdiction. But in those cases the alleged rebates were fully explained to Mr. Garfield, and involved no turpitude whatever. It was a new business on the Pacific coast, and before it had been systematized there were overcharges, not to the Standard Oil company alone, but to everyone engaged in the enterprise, which overcharges were subsequently adjusted.

Gets Sarcastic.

"He says the Standard Oil company has habitually received from the railroads, and is now receiving, 'secret' rates and other unjust and illegal discriminations. It is hardly fair or manly for him to add the sentence: 'Of course, there may be other secret rates which the bureau has not discovered.'

"In dealing with the discriminations which are alleged to be violations of the interstate commerce law the plain answer is that if Mr. Garfield's statement is correct it was the duty of the interstate commerce commission to have taken action and brought not alone the Standard Oil company, but the railway companies involved to book, and this they have never done. Violations of the law in this respect do not fall within the jurisdiction of the bureau of corporations, and any statement on the part of Mr. Garfield respecting this subject is gratuitous and valueless.

"Again, he has no control whatever over state rates, which by the law are put under the jurisdiction of the state autaorities, and over which the bureau of commerce nor the interstate commerce commission have any control. But all of this aside, there have been no secret rates nor unlawful discrimination in the interest of the Standard Oil company.

Went After Business.

"Mr. Garfield's claim that by the use of low interstate rates the Standard Oil company gained an unfair advantage is equally unfortunate. At great expense we constructed pipe lines from the Pennsylvania and Ohio fields and from the Kansas and Indian territory oil fields to Whiting. If our competitors did not do the same thing shall it be said that anyone is unfair who does not give them the advantage of this enterprise of ours? It is quite true that having our oil at Whiting and desiring to transport it to points in the interior of Illinois we used the state rates. To say that a man in Ohio who had never expended a dollar for a pipe line to Whiting should be able to transport his oil to an inland town in Illinois over an all-rail line at the same rates that we enjoyed by reason of our pipe lines, must appear absurd to anyone.

"Are we to have no advantage because we constructed these pipe lines? Is the amount invested and the interest on that investment to count for nothing. Take two men going to Boston; one uses an $8,000 automobile to go to New London and there takes the train. Is he to have no advantage in rate from the man who leaves New York and travels all the way by rail?

"The statement that the Standard Oil company 'has, largely by unfair and unlawful methods, crushed out home competition' is fully answered by the fact that home competition has always existed, is steadily growing, and that there are now at least 125 competitive refineries in the United States.

Muck Rake Man Busy.

"As to the claim that changes in rates have been made since the commissioner's efficient work began, all the Standard Oil company has to say is that any such changes have been made without its suggestion or effort.

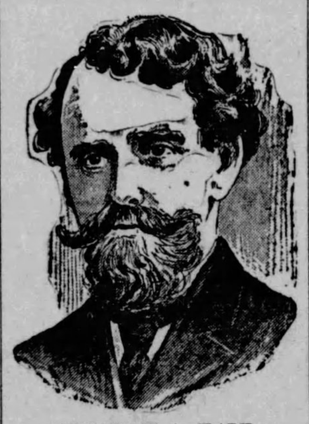
"The grief which the President expresses in his message over the inability of the railroads to combine and protect themselves from the shippers will probably arouse amusement. The President says, respecting this investigation, that the facts are not in dispute, only the inferences are disputed. The Standard Oil company furnished the facts and a man with a muck rake dug out such as under his manipulation he felt would prove damaging.

"The Standard Oil company has been investigated over and over again at the instance of its rivals, and it always welcomes such investigations when conducted in good faith and fairly. We are engaged in a large and honorable business. We are conducting it honorably, and we sincerely believe in conformity to law."

CLARK HAS HAD ENOUGH

Senator Announces That He Is Not Out for Re-election.

Butte, Mont., May 4.—In a signed statement appearing yesterday in the Butte Miner, his own paper, Senator W. A. Clark, of Montana, announces that



SENATOR W. A. CLARK.

he is not a candidate for re-election to the United States senate.

He says he will return to Montana to operate his interests at the close of the present term.

MINERS TO GO TO WORK

Scale Committee Reports to Convention.

Scranton, Pa., May 5.—There will be no strike of the anthracite miners.

This is now a settled conclusion, for such is the advice of President John Mitchell and National Secretary-Treasurer Wilson and others of the leaders, who today addressed the convention of miners before the report of the scale committee was presented.

Their addresses fully forecasted the report which the committee would make. The suspension order will be raised, and the miners will go back to work upon the terms of the award of the anthracite strike commission of 1903, which the operators were willing to have continued and will later seek to obtain through the conciliation board or by arbitration the bettering of conditions which they complain are working hardships on them.

Drunkards Cured Secretly

Any Lady Can Do It at Home—Costs Nothing to Try.

Gone Mad From Whiskey.

A new tasteless and odorless discovery which can be given in tea, coffee or food. Heartily endorsed by all temperance workers. It does its work so silently and surely that while the devoted wife, sister or daughter looks on, the drunkard is reclaimed even against his will and without his knowledge.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

A free trial package of the wonderful Golden Specific will be sent you, by mail, in plain wrapper, if you will fill in your name and address on blank lines below, cut out the coupon and mail it at once to Dr. J. W. Haines, 6766 Glenn Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

You can then prove to yourself how secretly and easily it can be used, and what a Godsend it will be to you.

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HOCH IS RENOMINATED

Kissing Episode Reacted in Kansas Executive's Favor.

Topeka, Kas., May 2.—The Republican state convention assembled this morning at 10 o'clock. A. W. Smith, of McPherson was temporary and permanent chairman. Governor Hoch was renominated by acclamation. W. J. Fitzgerald, reputed to be the "railroad candidate," was nominated as lieutenant governor. Against Fitzgerald the anti-railroad faction pitted Ansel R. Clark. The Clark forces have a platform declaring for 2-cent passenger fares and an anti-

GOVERNOR HOCH.

pass declaration. The railroad forces, which are in control of the convention, adopted a platform for the further strengthening of the railroad laws, but which is silent on anti-pass and 2-cent fares.

The Hoch-Stanley kissing episode reacted in the governor's favor. Governor Hoch has a letter of a date less than three months ago from Mrs. Stanley urging him and his wife to run down to Wichita to spend Sunday with the Stanleys. The governor has refused to give this and other communications to the public, but the fact that he has this evidence has caused the kissing incident to react in his favor.

The whole thing is regarded as a movement to injure Governor Hoch and it is openly charged that Democratic Chairman Sapp, Mrs. Stanley's cousin, has caused her all this humiliation and chagrin. Already parties have been dispatched to Lawrence and Washington to look up the domestic record of William A. Harris, of Chicago, the Democratic candidate for governor.

SIXTY ZULUS KILLED.

Durban, Natal, May 7.—Colonel Mansell's column, which is pursuing the Zulu rebels, under Chief Bambanta, was attacked yesterday by 200 Zulus while descending a precipitous hill near the grave of Chief Cettiwayo. Sixty Zulus were killed. Colonel Mansell had three men wounded.

OVERLOOKS NO CHANCES

John D., Jr., Doles Out Advice to Bible Class.

New York, May 7.—A scoffer hurled a pointed shaft of sarcasm at John D. Rockefeller, Jr., yesterday, while he was talking to his Bible class at the Fifth Avenue Baptist church.

"I admire the spirit that never gives up," said Mr. Rockefeller. "We've got to have it in our daily life. The man without it will never get anywhere. Opportunity will not seek us. We must watch for it, and when it comes we must be quick to grasp it. We must make all we can out of it."

As he paused to let his words sink in, a man sitting in a front pew exclaimed: "Yes, I guess the Standard Oil hasn't overlooked any opportunities."

"Don't be afraid to assert yourself," Rockefeller continued. "You must let men know that you are not afraid to do things. Do not shrink from criticism. If you are right all the criticism in the world will not hurt you. But, let me tell you men," and Mr. Rockefeller laid particular emphasis on each word, "if your acts are not above reproach you will be found out sooner or later."

GOVERNOR POWERLESS

Three Weeks of Terror at Alexandrovsky Post.

St. Petersburg, May 3.—Belated letters from Alexandrovsky post, North Sakhalin, arriving in the first mail after months of interrupted communication, bring a wild picture of a three weeks' orgie of murder, arson and loot following the proclamation of peace, and the evacuation by the Japanese of the northern half of the islands.

The wilder spirits among the prisoners, criminals and politicals, who form practically the entire population of Alexandrovsky post, broke loose from all restraint, applied the torch to public and private buildings, drank themselves into a wild fury, and vented their passions in pillage and murder.

Owing to the fierce October storms, the ships containing the troops dispatched to take possession of the island from the Japanese, were driven off the coast, and Colonel Valyueff, the military governor, landed with an escort of only fifty men, a scanty force with which to face hundreds of desperate convicts during the three weeks before further troops were able to land.

The convicts prepared a warm welcome for the new governor, setting fire the day he landed to the police headquarters and the great Alexandrovsky prison, ten separate buildings with accommodations for thousands of prisoners. These were completely consumed, the Japanese having allowed the fire engines to become useless, but by the strenuous exertions of the Russian and Japanese soldiers, who worked side by side, and patrolled the city to prevent further incendiarism, the fire was finally checked.

Japanese Troops Retire.

The next day the Japanese troops retired, having first sold their accumulated stocks of provisions and liquor at incredibly low prices, casks of "saki," ordinarily selling for $5, going for 10 cents, cases of tinned meats containing 75 pounds, for 50 cents, and 275 tons of rice and buckwheat being disposed of in a lump for $100.

Everybody became drunk, and with provisions enough for the winter and no necessity for working, many of them kept up the debauch for weeks.

Knout Freely Used.

To protect the city, with his little garrison and the prisons destroyed, the governor had to resort to extraordinary measures. The soldiers were ordered to make free use of their weapons and for petty offenses the cudgel or knout was resorted to, thieves getting first twenty-five lashes, later fifty, and finally a hundred. This sufficed, but the criminals, leaving Alexandrovsky, retired to places in the interior, and the governor was forced to divide his fifty men, sending an officer and fifteen men to Pogibi, five men to Arkovo, where the Japanese had left large stores of provisions, and three men each to Onor and Rykovo. The remnant stood guard day and night, but the convicts were able nevertheless to set the torch to the chancellory of the governor, the club, the residence of the chief jailer, and many other buildings.

Eight Vessels Shipwrecked.

During the raging storms, four steamers and a schooner, including a 3,000-ton vessel, from America, the German steamer Surabaja, with a crew of sixty-seven men, and the Vladivostok, with twenty-three men, which were endeavoring to bring supplies to Sakhalin, were wrecked on inhospitable winter coasts of the island and all on board were lost.

Finally after twenty-two days, ships with several thousand soldiers arrived and restored order. The new troops were without quarters, however, owing to the destruction of all the crown buildings and many other houses, and suffered extremely from the severe cold until they could build barracks. The correspondent describes the convicts as more like beasts than men, but say they stood in wholesome fear of the Japanese during the Japanese occupation, the population then being able to sleep with doors and windows unlocked, though hundreds of convicts were roaming the streets.

5,000 DIE EVERY MONTH

Corporal Tanner Compiles Statistics on Deaths of Veterans.

Albuquerque, N. M., May 4.—Corporal James Tanner, commander-in-chief of the G. A. R., and wife, are here, en route from the territorial encampment at Las Cruces to Los Angeles, where Commander Tanner will address an encampment May 7.

Corporal Tanner made the statement that, according to statistics compiled by himself, the old veterans were dying at the rate of 5,000 a month.

Tools for Business

The best hand tool a farmer can use is a Keen Kutter tool. A Keen Kutter hoe, fork, shovel, or scythe will do more hoeing, pitching, shoveling, or mowing than any other similar tool—because it is better adapted to its work and stands more hard wear. Farmers accomplish more, and make more when they use

KEEN KUTTER

TOOLS

Hoes, Forks, Scythes, Shovels, Manure-hooks, Rakes, Grass-shears—all Garden Tools and a complete line of Carpenter Tools—are each of the very highest *quality*.

All working or cutting parts are forged from best crucible steel, and oil tempered to give elasticity and long wear. This careful manufacture makes Keen Kutter tools longlived—they last twice as long as common tools. Each Keen Kutter Tool is finely finished, and properly hung or adjusted for best and easiest work.

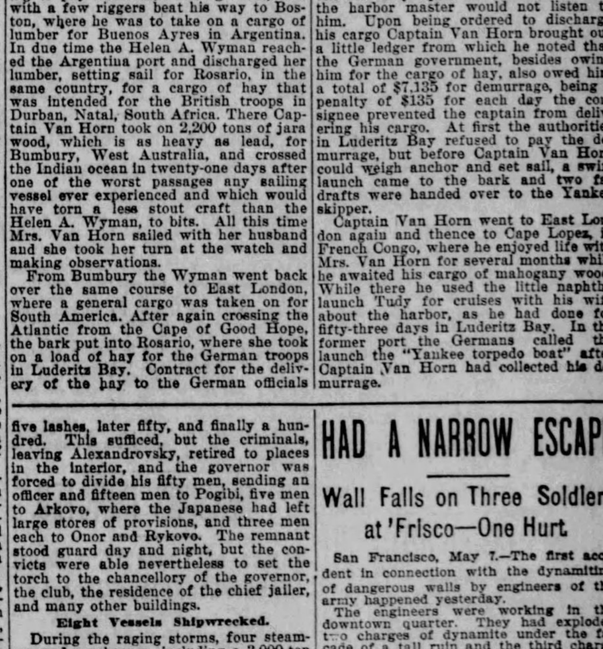
Ask your dealer to show you tools bearing the Keen Kutter trade mark. If he does not have them write us.

Tool Book Free.

"The Recollection of Quality Remains Long After the Price is Forgotten."
Trade Mark Registered.

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY,
St. Louis and New York, U. S. A.

Yankee Skipper Gets $7,155 for Long Enforced Holiday



Captain Van Horn and his wife.

New York, May 4.—Captain David Van Horn, his wife, their Filipino dog Bags and the trim 2,000-ton schooner Helen A. Wyman, have returned to port after an absence of exactly two years, during which period they have sailed 40,500 miles, visited four continents and contested with the kaiser's officials in Luderitz Bay, on the German southwest coast of Africa, winning a small fortune as penalty for what Captain Van Horn calls "red tape."

Skipper Van Horn is an unassuming man and his wife is as jovial and mild-mannered a little woman as ever sailed the deep, but between them they enjoyed a two months' vacation on the African southwest coast at the kaiser's expense and then brought home the first cargo of rich mahogany wood that ever came from the Congo.

The log of the Helen A. Wyman dates back to April 25, 1904, when the trim little bark sailed from this port for Boston. At the very start Captain Van Horn displayed his Yankee shrewdness by declining to pay exorbitant towing rates, and with a few riggers beat his way to Boston, where he was to take on a cargo of lumber for Buenos Ayres in Argentina. In due time the Helen A. Wyman reached the Argentina port and discharged her lumber, setting sail for Rosario, in the same country, for a cargo of hay that was intended for the British troops in Durban, Natal, South Africa. There Captain Van Horn took on 2,200 tons of jara wood, which is as heavy as lead, for Bumbury, West Australia, and crossed the Indian ocean in twenty-one days after one of the worst passages any sailing vessel ever experienced and which would have torn a less stout craft than the Helen A. Wyman, to bits. All this time Mrs. Van Horn sailed with her husband and she took her turn at the watch and making observations.

From Bumbury the Wyman went back over the same course to East London, where a general cargo was taken on for South America. After again crossing the Atlantic from the Cape of Good Hope, the bark put into Rosario, where she took on a load of hay for the German troops in Luderitz Bay. Contract for the delivery of the hay to the German officials called for its reaching its destination on a specified date or before. Had the Helen A. Wyman been delayed in reaching Luderitz Bay, the German government could have deducted $135 for each day over the specified date of arrival.

The Wyman arrived on time and Captan Van Horn repaired at once to the office of the harbor master, representing the German government, in order to secure a wharf where he might discharge his cargo without delay. There were many steamships and other sea craft in the harbor and the official paid but scant attention to the modest and retiring skipper of the Helen A. Wyman. He would not listen to the skipper's explanation of his mission, but curtly told him he would have to wait until a berth became vacant among the few wharves of the desolate little harbor.

Captain Van Horn waited for fifty-three days and then the harbor master sent one of his officers to the bark with a demand for an explanation as to why the captain had not delivered the hay intended for the troops of his imperial majesty's South African possessions. Captain Van Horn said that he tried to tell his story upon his arrival, but that the harbor master would not listen to him. Upon being ordered to discharge his cargo Captain Van Horn brought out a little ledger from which he noted that the German government, besides owing him for the cargo of hay, also owed him a total of $7,135 for demurrage, being a penalty of $135 for each day the consignee prevented the captain from delivering his cargo. At first the authorities in Luderitz Bay refused to pay the demurrage, but before Captain Van Horn could weigh anchor and set sail, a swift launch came to the bark and two fat drafts were handed over to the Yankee skipper.

Captain Van Horn went to East London again and thence to Cape Lopez, in French Congo, where he enjoyed life with Mrs. Van Horn for several months while he awaited his cargo of mahogany wood. While there he used the little naphtha launch Tudy for cruises with his wife about the harbor, as he had done for fifty-three days in Luderitz Bay. In the former port the Germans called the launch the "Yankee torpedo boat" after Captain Van Horn had collected his demurrage.

HAD A NARROW ESCAPE

Wall Falls on Three Soldiers at 'Frisco—One Hurt.

San Francisco, May 7.—The first accident in connection with the dynamiting of dangerous walls by engineers of the army happened yesterday.

The engineers were working in the downtown quarter. They had exploded two charges of dynamite under the facade of a tall ruin and the third charge was about to be fired when the wall fell. Three soldiers were buried, but a mass of twisted iron partly shielded them, and only one was hurt.

TORNADO IN MINNESOTA

Farm Buildings and School House Blown Down.

Cannon Falls, Minn., May 4.—A tornado yesterday afternoon blew down all the buildings on the farm of Ferdinand Ista excepting his house. Two large barns on a neighboring farm and the Ista school house were blown into kindling wood. No lives were lost.

SHEEP WITH WOODEN LEG

Animal, Victim of Lightning, Limps About Joyfully.

Bucyrus, O., May 4.—A sheep with a wooden leg is a curiosity which has attracted a great deal of attention at the home of Ira Quaintance in Dallas township. The sheep has learned to manipulate its wooden member as well as a man. During a storm early this year the sheep was struck by lightning, its foot and part of leg being torn off. The artificial limb is covered with wool and so well does it use the inanimate leg that a person would be unable to detect the difference, except for a limp.

MITCHELL WINS BATTLE

Anthracite Miners Will Return to Work Monday.

ROOSEVELT WIRES MITCHELL.

Washington, May 8.—President Roosevelt sent a message to John Mitchell, president of the United Mine Workers' union, congratulating him on the fact that there will be no coal strike. This message was in response to a telegram from President Mitchell advising Mr. Roosevelt of the settlement of the strike. It was stated at the White House that neither of these dispatches will be made public.

New York, May 8.—After being idle almost six weeks, with a loss in production of about 5,000,000 tons, the anthracite miners will probably return to work Monday.

The expected strike will not come and President Mitchell, who has been opposed to a fight with the operators, has won his battle.

After carrying on negotiations for

John Mitchell

Who Insisted That All Men Be Taken Back.

nearly three months, the subcommittees representing the anthracite mine workers and operators of eastern Pennsylvania yesterday agreed to continue the award of the strike commission another three years, and the men will return to work as soon as practicable, probably Monday.

All miners who have not committed violence against persons or property will be re-employed and no one will be discriminated against because of any activity he may have taken in the strike movement. The agreement is subject to the ratification of the tridistrict convention of mine workers at Scranton, but

Thomas D. Nichols

One of Signers for Miners.

there is not the slightest doubt that the delegates will approve the action of their representatives.

This outcome of a dispute which threatened to develop into a long, bitter struggle and paralyze the anthracite industry, was looked upon with considerable satisfaction by the coal road presidents, as the agreement entered into is their first proposition, made early in March, in reply to the mine workers' original demands.

The miners had little to say regarding the agreement except that it was the best they could get. They pointed out, however, that the agreement entered into is the first general agreement that has ever been signed between the operators and miners, and they look upon it as a step forward in their efforts to have regular agreements with their employers.

The agreement is signed by George F. Baer, E. B. Thomas, John D. Kerr, Morris Williams, Joseph L. Cake, John Mitchell, P. D. Nicholls, John Dempsey, W. Dettrey and John P. Gallagher.

Miners Ratify Action.

Scranton, Pa., May 8.—The convention of anthracite miners reassembled heretoday and ratified the action taken by its sub-scale committee in conference with the operators' committee in New York yesterday afternoon, declaring operative the award of the coal strike commission of 1903 for a further period of three years ending March 31, 1909.

This morning notices were posted by the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, Delaware & Hudson, Erie, Pennsylvania Coal and Scranton Coal company, announcing the resumption of work next Monday.

QUAKE IN CONNECTICUT

Shock Felt In East Hampton—No Damage Done.

East Hampton, Conn., May 8.—Several families along North High street, in the northwestern section of this town, felt a slight tremble of the earth early today, the shock lasting about a second.

This section of the town is located on a ridge and at different times persons living thereabouts have noticed a quiver of the ground underneath them.

The cause of the disturbance is not known. A few dishes are reported to have rattled in one of the houses but there was no damage.

Binder Twine

9¼c. Lowest Prices. Guaranteed Quality. Prompt Shipments. Price guaranteed. Send for list showing price of Binder Twine delivered at 25 principal towns. You cannot afford to overlook our Twine offer. A postal will do. 34

Montgomery Ward & Co., Chicago

SOUTHERN SENATORS WIN

Foraker Wanted "Jim Crow" Cars Abolished.

Washington, May 8.—The senate again spent the major portion of its time on one amendment, but instead of accepting it adopted a substitute. The provision which was made the basis of the discussion was that suggested by Senator Foraker prohibiting the granting of rebates, passes, drawbacks or special rates to passengers on railroads, and also prohibiting discriminations in the way of accommodations where equal rates are paid.

The association took a broad range, covering first the pass question and then the race question in the southern states. The race issue was raised in connection with the clause relative to discriminations which was interpreted as referring to separate cars for the races and it called out very warm protests from Senators Bacon, Money, Culberson and other southern senators.

Race Issue Is Barred.

Money declared he would not support the rate bill with a provision which raises the race issue. Culberson also contended for the elimination of that question and offered a substitute accomplishing that result. His substitute was adopted and was as follows:

"That no carrier engaged in interstate commerce shall directly or indirectly issue or give any free ticket, free pass or free transportation to any person except to the officers, agents, employes and attorneys exclusively in the service of the carrier issuing the same, or to ministers of religion, inmates of hospitals, eleemosynary or charitable institutions. Any carrier violating this provision shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and shall for each offense pay to the United States a penalty of not less than $100 nor more than $2,000."

Before taking up the Foraker amendment the Kittredge amendment relative to private cars was voted down.

The Elkins amendment to prohibit interstate railroads from engaging in the mining of coal or in business other than interstate commerce was debated for some time.

AFTER ELKINS' SCALP

"The Bill Nye of West Virginia" Announces Candidacy.

Wheeling, W. Va., May 7.—Charles T. Caldwell, of Parkersburg,, a retiring Republican member of the state senate, has announced that he would be a candidate against United States Senator Elkins, and would begin an active canvass in every county of the state. Mr. Caldwell's millionaire brother, James L. Caldwell, of Huntington, who made an unsuccessful effort to beat Senator Scott two years ago, is expected to finance his campaign.

Charles T. Caldwell was a candidate against Scott eight years ago, but received only a few votes in the caucus. Politicians are not inclined to take the announcement with much seriousness, because Caldwell is so humorous that his wit and bald head have given him the title of "The Bill Nye of West Virginia," but they believe that there is something mysterious behind his candidacy which may develop another man after he has canvassed the ground.

Caldwell says his campaign motto will be "A square deal and a square meal," and that the people are not getting either from the great corporations.

NO LADIES WERE THERE

Speaker Cannon Given Reception on His Birthday.

Washington, May 8.—Speaker Cannon was the guest at a reception given him last night at the Arlington hotel by his colleagues in the house of representatives in honor of his seventieth birthday.

It was a notable occasion, made so by the presence of President Roosevelt and almost every official of note in Washington and others from outside cities who called to extend their congratulations. All the members of the cabinet now in Washington, the members of the supreme court, with a large contingent of both houses, besides heads of the various bureaus of the executive departments and prominent residents found time during the evening to come in and shake the speaker's hand and to wish him many happy returns of the day.

The reception lasted from 9 to 12 o'clock and was attended by probably twelve hundred persons. There were no ladies present.

CUTS OFF THE PASSES

Amendment to Rate Bill Makes Radical Reform.

Washington, D. C., May 8.—The Culberson amendment to the Hepburn bill, which had been adopted by the senate, prohibits the exchange of passes by railway officials. With this amendment railways cannot issue passes to others than their employes. If the bill is passed in its present form it will be unlawful for the Pennsylvania to issue a pass to any employe of the Lake Shore from the President down to the humblest worker. For years the eastern trunk lines have been attempting to bring about this result by an agreement, but the western and central traffic lines have refused to be bound by the agreement. Even the traveling freight and passenger agents will be compelled to pay fares under the Culberson amendment.

21 PERSONS INDICTED.

Names of Those Who Must Answer Land Fraud Charges.

Portland, Ore., May 7.—United States District Attorney W. C. Bristol has made public the names of 21 persons against whom a government land fraud indictment was returned by a federal grand jury, which ended its hearings yesterday and was discharged.

The indictment, which charges conspiracy to secure 200,000 acres of fine timber land in Oregon, Crook, Lake and Kylamath counties. 3cre. names the following subjects:

F. W. Gilchrist, Ralph Gilchrist, Patrick Culligan and James McPherson, Alcona, Mich.; H. F. Stone, Benson, Minn.; Baron C. A. M. G. S. Schilerholz, Little Rock, Ark.; Judge M. E. Brink, Charles M. Elkins and Jack Combs, Prineville, Ore.; D. F. Steffa, editor of the Crook County Journal, of Prineville; B. F. Allen, A. C. Palmer, H. J. Palmer, T. H. Watkins and E. M. White, Portland, Ore.; E. Jorgan, F. J. Devine, J. V. Collins and Malcolm MvcAlpin, Albany, Ore.; J. W. Hopkins, Vancouver, Wash.; W. W. Brown, Seattle, Wash.

CHINA HAS BIG FLOOD

Great Loss of Life and Property—Foreigners Safe.

Washington, May 8.—The state department today received the following cablegram from the American consul at Hankau, China:

"Immense flood in Hunan province. Great loss of life and property. All foreigners safe."

RATE BILL IS DOCTORED

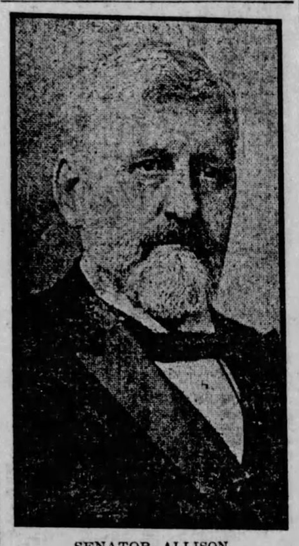
Broad Review Opponents Force a Compromise.

Washington, May 8.—The situation of the railroad rate bill has taken another decided change and at the same time an additional step toward final agreement as to what the judicial review amendment shall be. The Allison compromise proposition met with such determined opposition from those senators who have fought against a "broad" court review that, despite President Roosevelt's acceptance of it and his declaration that other provisions he had advanced were not vital, an agreement was reached by which several restrictions will be placed on the review proposition.

These were agreed upon in consequence of many informal conferences on the floor of the senate during debate. The result is that in return for the amendment conferring jurisdiction on circuit courts to review orders of the commission friends of the bill demanded and by agreement of senate leaders will secure counter concessions as follows:

Counter Concessions.

That no order of the commission



SENATOR ALLISON.

shall be suspended or set aside by an interlocutory order or decree without a hearing had on t he application therefor unless at least five days' notice shall be given to the commission of the time and place fixed for said hearing;

That such orders shall not be made unless two judges of the court to which application is made shall concur in such interlocutory order or decree;

That an appeal from such interlocutory order or decree may be taken within thirty days from the entry thereof, but shall lie only to the supreme court of the United States;

That the ratemaking section of the bill shall not be amended.

Senator Allison's return to the senate after a brief illness had much to do with the additional agreements. It was during his illness that the compromise proposition which bears his name was given publicity. While he made no complaint against the position in which he was placed by the compromise amendment he made it clear by his course that he did not think he had been treated fairly by senators who announced that he had paved the way to a meeting ground for the contesting Republican factions.

To friends of the bill who looked upon the compromise as a surrender to railroad interests, he said the amendment did not preclude further amendments which would expedite the review. He disposed finally of the argument that an insistence for such amendments would be a breach of faith with the conservatives who had accepted the compromise. He did this by saying that there had been no agreement.

Democrats Get Busy.

The effect of this statement was the threatened overturning of the compromise and negotiations were at once opened between the two forces. Senators Dolliver, Long, Clapp and several other Republicans who had opposed the amendment, declared that if the Allison compromise was adopted it must be followed with the provisions before stated. Senator Allison aided them in their campaign and a majority of the Democrats, lond in criticism of the action of the President in declaring that the Overman amendment was not vital joined the ranks and the whole made a formidable array. The compromise disappeared as if by magic.

POPE ISSUES CIRCULAR

No Intercourse Allowed With Italian Court.

Rome, May 8.—The papal secretary of state, Cardinal Merry Del Val, has been instructed to prepare an important circular note, which the pope is about to send to the Sacred college at Rome.

In this communication the pontiff will

MONSIGNOR MERRY DEL VAL

take the occasion of the dinner given by the American ambassador, Mr. White, who on April 25 gave a banquet in honor of Archbishop Ireland, at which four cardinals were present, to recall the fact that nothing has changed in the relations between the vatican and the quirinal, and that, therefore, the dignitaries of the church must abstain from intercourse with personages attached to or accredited to the Italian court.

ASSASSINS STILL BUSY

General Ignatieff Killed at Kieff, Russia.

Kieff, Russia, May 8.—General Count Alexis Pavolich Ignatieff, formerly governor of Kieff, was assassinated here today.

COLOMBIA TALKING WAR

Venezuela Refuses to Receive Minister Herrera.

Washington, May 3. — Colombia and Venezuela are worse estranged than ever before as a result of the refusal of Vice President Gomez, of Venezuela to receive Dr. Herrera, the minister plenipotentiary who went to Caracas three weeks ago to perfect a treaty with Venezuela for the settlement of the disputes between the two South American governments concerning the navigation of rivers flowing through the two countries and concerning commerce passage over the common boundaries.

War is being freely talked in South American diplomatic circles. The insult to Colombia is regarded by some of the diplomats as one it cannot well overlook, especially since this is the second time the Castro government has refused to receive a representative of Colombia.

Just a year ago, Lucas Caballero went from Colombia to Caracas. There were repeated delays as to his reception, and finally the Venezuelan government refused to recognize him officially. At that time President Castro insisted that Colombia had failed to expel Venezuelan political refugees, but the excuse was not regarded as a valid one by Colombia.

Later an envoy from Colombia went to Venezuela, and last December protocols were signed for a resumption of diplomatic relations between the two countries, and for the framing of a treaty settling the navigation and frontier questions.

In accordance with these protocols, Dr. Herrera was sent to Caracas to perfect the treaty. Dispatches from Mr. Russel, the American minister in Venezuela, say that Vice President Gomez refused to receive Dr. Herrera officially and said it would not be possible to do so until the treaty had been perfected.

Latin American diplomatists are at a loss to know just how the Castro government expected the treaty to be perfected and signed if the Venezuelans refused to receive the man empowered to act for Colombia, and there is much discussion of the unusual situation.

Mr. Mendosa, the Colombian minister, is in New York, where he has been for several weeks and the legation here has had no advices concerning the sudden break in which seemed to be the friendly relations between Colombia and Venezuela. It was through the good offices of the American minister, Mr. Russel, that the protocols looking to a settlement of all difficulties were framed and it is suggested here that what is termed "the slap at Colombia" is an indirect thrust at the United States.

PREDICTS GREAT NEW CITY

Francis Burton Harrison Says 'Frisco Will Rise Again.

New York, May 2.—"It's the nature of any man with red corpuscles in his veins to 'come back' when he's hit, and that's the way I should describe the attitude of San Francisco at the present moment."

This was the manner in which F. Burton Harrison summarized his opinion as to whether the stricken city would be able to regain its former supremacy or whether the blow it has received is a fatal one, and there has not been a lack of pessimists who took this view. Mr. Harrison is peculiarly qualified at this time to speak of conditions in San Francisco, as he escaped the active dangers of the catastrophe, which might have warped his judgment and destroyed the calmness of mind necessary to view the situation without heat or prejudice.

He had left the city a few hours before it was shaken by the earthquake and returned about ten hours afterward, in time to see the destruction wrought by the seismic disturbance, and just at the time when the fires had resisted the efforts to control them and were beginning their carnival of ruin.

Mr. Harrison, while a resident of New York, had close connections with the California city in that his wife, who

FRANCIS BURTON HARRISON.
PHOTO. BY CLINEDINST

was killed last year in an automobile accident near Long Island city, was Miss Crocker, member of one of the oldest and wealthiest of the San Francisco families.

He was a representative in congress from a New York city district and afterward candidate for the lieutenant governorship on the Democratic ticket in the last state campaign. He is now the acknowledged successor to Cord Meyer as chairman of the Democratic state committee. Recently he returned from a tour of investigation on the isthmus of Panama. He is a Yale graduate and wealthy. His mother, Mrs. Burton Harrison, is a well known author.

When he went to Panama Mr. Harrison had sent his two young children to San Francisco to spend some time with their relatives there. About a month or five weeks ago he went to the coast in his private car to bring them to his home, at No. 876 Fifth avenue. With Henry Scott, formerly of the Union iron works, where the battleship Oregon was built, and Wakefield Baker, another prominent resident of San Francisco, he crossed the ferry to Oakland, and with the children the party left in the private car attached to a train which was headed for Oakland.

They left about 8 o'clock on Tuesday night, April 17, nine hours before the shock.

ROYALIST PLOTTERS ARE RELEASED FROM JAIL.

Paris, May 7.—All the persons arrested recently for connection with the alleged royalist plot against the security of the republic have been provisionally released.

MINERS LOST $8,120 000

Estimate of Cost of Suspension of Work to Anthracite Workers.

Scranton, Pa., May 7.—Estimated conservatively, the suspensions have cost the anthracite mine workers since the first of April, $8,120,000. This is averaging the pay of 100,000 workers at $1.75 for every working day during the suspension. There are idle days during the month at most mines, but an experienced operator says that, taking one class with another and considering ordinary working conditions, it would be a fair estimate to average the wages at $1.75 a day. He added:

"Some of our best miners earn as high as $125 a month, or more; but they are the exception, and the number of boys receiving small pay is not very large at present, so that it is entirely safe to figure on the basis I have named."

HELD TO GRAND JURY

Banker Walsh Furnishes Bond for $50,000

Chicago, May 3.—John R. Walsh, former president of the defunct Chicago National bank, was today held to the federal grand jury in bonds of $50,000 by United States Commissioner Mark Foote.

When Mr. Walsh appeared before the commissioner, Assistant United States District Attorney Childs said that the government was ready for the hearing. Attorney Ritsher, for Mr. Walsh, said

JOHN R. WALSH.

that inasmuch as the federal officers had not yet concluded their investigation of the statement of facts submitted some time ago by Mr. Walsh, and inasmuch as the federal grand jury will go into session May 15, he believed it best for the interests of his client that he waive examination.

Commissioner Foote said that he could do nothing else than hold Mr. Walsh to the grand jury, which was done, the bonds being fixed at $50,000. The bonds were at once furnished by Mr. Walsh.

LEITER'S OFFICE LOOTED

Burglars Crack Vaults—Secure $12,000 Worth of Bonds.

Chicago, May 7.—Burglars early today entered the office of Joseph Leiter, who became famous several years ago, when he attempted to corner the wheat market, blew open two vaults and escaped with

JOSEPH LEITER.

bonds said to be valued at $12,000.

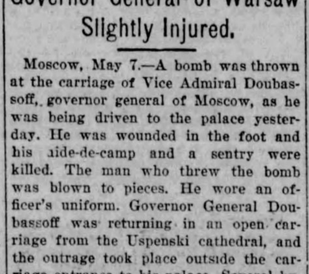
The building in which the office is located is within half a block of police headquarters.

TWO ATTENDANTS KILLED

Governor General of Warsaw Slightly Injured.

Moscow, May 7.—A bomb was thrown at the carriage of Vice Admiral Doubassoff, governor general of Moscow, as he was being driven to the palace yesterday. He was wounded in the foot and his aide-de-camp and a sentry were killed. The man who threw the bomb was blown to pieces. He wore an officer's uniform. Governor General Doubassoff was returning in an open carriage from the Uspenski cathedral, and the outrage took place outside the carriage entrance to his palace. Several bystanders were injured.

According to the route decided upon in



VICE-ADMIRAL DOUBASSOFF

advance, the governor general should have returned to the palace by the side entrance, but during the drive he changed his route and thereby ran into the peril he was seeking to avoid.

Vice Admiral Doubassoff's life was saved by the poor aim of his would-be assassin. The bomb exploded on the pavement several paces to the rear of his carriage, hurling the mutilated corpse of the terrorist several yards backward, and tearing off one arm and the face of an aide, who was descending from the carriage. Governor General Doubassoff was thrown from his carriage and under the horses' heels. His back was burned and leg bruised, but he was able to walk unassisted into the palace.

It is thought the assassin was the student in whose rooms a bomb exploded Saturday, killing three accomplices, but who at the time was watching the palace from a room in the hotel opposite.

Valetta, Island of Malta, May 7.—Three torpedo boat destroyers sailed from here today to join the British fleet at Piraeus, Greece.

The transport Dilwarra is embarking the Worcestershire regiment, which will sail for Alexandria, Egypt, tomorrow.

PLOT TO KILL CAICERS

Trouble Again Brewing at San Domingo.

San Domingo, Republic of Santo Domingo, via Hayti, May 8.—It became known today that the authorities on Sunday, May 6, discovered a plot to assassinate President Caicers as he was leaving the theatre. Several arrests have been made.

Shots were exchanged last night near this city between rural guards and supposed revolutionists. The city and its surroundings are calm this morning.

MORE SUPPLIES NEEDED

2,200 Carloads of Goods Shipped Into 'Frisco.

San Francisco, May 8.—The total amount of goods sent to this city by railroads up to and including May 1 amounts to 2,200 carloads, according to Dr. Edward T. Devine, head of the Red Cross work.

"This represents a large amount of supplies," he said yesterday, "but nothing like the amount we will have to have."

CASTRO IN DOVER.

London, May 7.—A dispatch to a news agency from Dover says that General Castro, former president of Venezuela, arrived there this afternoon from Calaise, France.

CAMPAIGN DONATIONS

Are Now Being Investigated by New York Grand Jury.

New York, May 7.—The special grand jury, which is to investigate insurance matters, and especially political campaign contributions, was empanelled today. District Attorney Jerome, who asked for this jury, was present with several of his assistants when it was sworn.

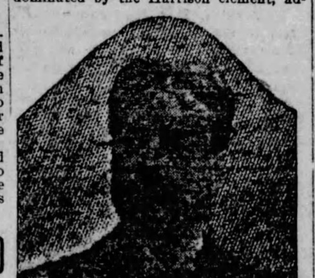
Justice Scott, of the criminal branch of the supreme court, in his charge said: "Your attention will be called to a series of alleged crimes which have occasioned much discussion in the public press and in various financial circles. The legislature has passed laws remedying, so far as it can, all past mistakes. Your duty is to inquire if any crime has been committed under the law as it stood before the legislative action. You will have the active and energetic assistance of the district attorney and you are entitled at all times to call upon him for assistance and advice. You are not to be swayed by suspicion or clamor in any of your work."

HARRISON BEATS DUNNE

Former Mayor of Chicago Controls County Convention.

Chicago, May 3.—Some Democrats, some Republicans, had a rude awakening yesterday afternoon. Mayor Dunne and his supporters were rudely awakened when they found that they were absolutely at the mercy of the Harrison wing of the party when it came to naming a county ticket for the fall election.

When the Democratic county convention, presided over by John J. Hays, and dominated by the Harrison element, adjourned Tuesday subject to the call of the chairman, the real significance of the action did not strike the mayor's friends. But it was discovered by Acting Commissioner of Public Works O'Connell and other leaders that the Harrison men have it absolutely in their power to reconvene the convention for the nomination of a full county ticket.



CARTER HARRISON.

GAPON IS STILL ALIVE

Declares Gorky's Lieutenant in an Address in Chicago.

Chicago, May 7.—"Father Gapon has not been killed by Russian anarchists. On the contrary, he is in Switzerland, alive and well, as I positively know," said Ivan Ulvanovitch Narodny in an address before a socialist gathering yesterday afternoon.

Narodny came to the United States with Maxim Gorky to spread the propaganda of the Russian Social Democrats. The meeting was held under the auspices of the Industrial Workers of the World as a protest against the arrest of Haywood and Moyer, of the Western Federation of Miners in connection with the assassination of former Gov. Frank Steunenberg, of Idaho.

Narodny added that last Monday a friend in Washington had received a cable dispatch from Father Gapon.

ARE CONSIDERING NOTE

Extraordinary Meeting of Turkey's Ministers to Be Held.

Constantinople, May 7.—An extraordinary meeting of the council of ministers has been summoned for today to consider the British note demanding the evacuation of Tabah within ten days and Turkish consent to a joint demarcation of the frontier of the Sinaitic peninsula.

An attempt made yesterday by the sultan, through the intermediary of a palace official, to reopen the discussion met with a prompt intimation from Sir Nicholas R. O'Conor, the British ambassador to Turkey, that any communications on the subject must come through the Turkish foreign minister.

LIBERALS STAYED AWAY

Palma Proclaimed President of Cuba.

Havana, May 5.—The Cuban congress in joint session yesterday afternoon canvassed the electoral returns and proclaimed Tomas Estrada Palma and

Mendez Capote unanimously elected president and vice president respectively. All the Liberals and also the independents of the provinces of Santa Clara and Santiago signified their protest by their absence. The Nationalists participated.

THE MARKETS.

Toledo, May 8.—Close.—Bullish feeling was exhibited in May and July futures at the opening of the grain market this morning. Shorts were easy to frighten and will take moderate losses quickly. Longs, however, found a hard selling market. Market looked like a trader's affair. Receipts were large and indicated a liberal interior movement. Broomhall says Liverpool was inactive with prices inclined lower.

Active buying at St. Louis on reports of crop damage in Kansas, together with a decrease in the available supply, caused wheat to rule firm at the closing. Offerings were not liberal. Exports were 125,000 bushels. Estimates were 2 cars.

Primary wheat receipts were 266,000 bushels, against 360,000 a week and 181,000 a year ago; shipments were 298,000, against 363,000 and 336,000.

Corn was inactive with market trending lower. The demand was slow. Offerings came out slowly. Receipts were of fair proportions. Cables were easier. Close was strong. Available showed a big decrease. Exports were 18,000 bushels. Estimates were 73 cars.

Some buying by commission houses as well as by some of the leading brokers caused prices to rule firm at yesterday's closing levels. The demand was steady. Offerings came lightly. Closing was firm. Estimates were 123 bags. Exports were 9,000 bushels.

Clover seed was steady at old levels. Demand was slow while offerings were scattered and light. Receipts were small. Shipments were insignificant. Market closed firm. Estimates were light.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Apr.8.	Close Apr.7.
Wheat—					
Cash	90	90	90		90
May	89	89¼	88½	88⅞	88½
July	81½	81¾	81	81⅛	80⅞
Sept.	79½	79¾	79½	79⅝	79½
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	51½	51
May	49	49½	48¾	50	49
July	48¼	48½	48¼	48½	48¼
Sept.	48½	48⅝	48½	48⅝	48½
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	35¼	35¼
May	34½	34¾	34¼	34½	34½
July	32¾	32⅞	32¾	32⅞	32¾
Sept.	30¾	31	30¾	31	30¾
Clover Seed—					
Cash	6.30	6.30	6.27	6.27	6.30
Oct	5.97	5.97	5.97	5.97	5.97
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	65	65
No. 3	....	....	....	61	61
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	1.52½	1.52½
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	8.20	8.20

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
May	89½	89⅞	89	89½	89
July	85¼	85⅝	85⅛	85½	85
Corn—					
May	55½	55½	55½	55½	55½
July	52⅞	53⅛	52⅞	53⅛	52⅞

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
July	77½	77⅞	77⅛	77⅞	77¼
Sept	76¼	76@	76¼	76½	76½
May	....	....	....	80¼	80¼

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	77⅝	77
July	....	....	....	77⅞	78⅜

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	....	79¾
July	....	....	....	....	80

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
May	81¾	81⅝	81	81½	80⅞
July	79¾	79¾	79	79½	79
Sept.	77¾	78	77⅝	77⅞	77⅝
Corn—					
May	47	47¼	46¾	47¼	46¾
July	45⅝	45¾	45½	45⅝	45¾
Sept.	45⅞	46⅛	45⅝	46⅛	45¾
Oats—					
May	32¼	32¼	32¼	32¼	32¼
July	31	31⅛	30⅞	31⅛	31
Sept.	29	29½	29	29¼	28⅞

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
May	15.00	15.00	15.00	15.00	15.07
July	15.27	15.27	15.15	15.17	15.22
Sept.	15.20	15.20	15.07	15.07	15.10
Lard—					
May	....	....	....	8.32	8.35
July	8.47	8.50	8.42	8.42	8.45
Sept.	8.62	8.62	8.57	8.55	8.57
Ribs—					
May	8.47	8.47	8.45	8.45	8.45
July	8.62	8.62	8.57	8.60	8.60
Sept.	8.67	8.67	8.52	8.62	8.62

Money and Stocks.

New York, May 8.—(Wall Street.)—The prevailing tendency of prices in the opening dealings in the stock market today was upwards for the majority of issues, including the speculative favorites. There was a sprinkling of losses amongst the less important stocks. Reading, Union Pacific and Smelting rose large fractions. United States Reduction pfd. rose 1½ and Pacific Coast 2¼. St. Louis and San Francisco second pfd. lost 1¼ after yesterday's wide advance. The dealings were on a moderate scale.

The undertone of the market grew gradually stronger, led by Reading, which was taken with confidence up to 130¾. Other favorites were then bought largely, notably the Harriman Pacific and the principal metal stocks. Amalgamated Copper and Smelting sustained the market, after the early leaders showed some signs of reaction. Amongst the important gains: Havana Electric pfd. 5, Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie 4, the preferred 2⅝, Smelting 3, Great Northern pfd. 2½, Reading, Tennessee Coal, Sloss-Sheffield Steel and International Pump 2, Republic Steel pfd., Lead, Colorado Fuel, Norfolk & Western, Delaware & Hudson, Wisconsin Central pfd. and Union Pacific 1¼ to 1½, and Southern Pacific, Central Railroad of New Jersey, Amalgamated Copper, U. S. Steel and American Ice a point.

The market showed great breadth and variety during the second hour. Realizing in earlier strong stocks was carried on successfully without impairing the strength at new points. The rise in Amalgamated Copper reached 2, Union Pacific and Pressed Steel Car 1⅝, St. Paul, Denver & Rio Grande and Locomotive 1½ and Erie, Atchison, U. S. Steel pfd. and many other less prominent stocks a point or more. Reading second pfd. sold at an advance of 3⅝, Norfolk & Western pfd. 5, Anaconda and Republic Steel pfd. 2½. Consolidated Gas lost 1. Bonds were firm at noon.

Live Stock.

Light receipts at all points caused a decided upturn in hogs today at the local yards. Five cars on sale. Packers were leading buyers. Market was 10c higher. All grades lead in the advance. Close was firm. Fresh cattle received were 4 loads. Lambs were strong. Sales promptly made on a strong basis compared with yesterday's close. Veals strong. Sheep steady. Lambs firm.

Hogs—Sales heavies, a[illegible] 50 to 300 lbs., $6.50@6.55; good mediums, averages 200 to 250 lbs., $6.50@6.55; Yorkers, $6.50@6.55; bulk of sales, $6.55; pigs, $6.40@6.50; stags and roughs, $3.50@5.65.

Cattle—Good to prime steers, 1,500 lbs. and up, $4.50@6.25; fair to choice steers, $4.00@4.75; good to choice feeders, $3.50@4.25; fair to best cows, $3.00@3.50; heifers $2.75@4.00; bulls, $3.00@4.00; choice veals $6.25@6.50; fair to common, $4.50@5.50.

Sheep—Good to choice yearlings, $4.50@6.00; lambs, good to choice, $6.25@6.75; good mixed, $4.00@4.50; culls and common, $2.00@2.50; spring lambs, $6.50@7.25.

Union Stock Yards, Cleveland, O., May 8.—(Bower & Bower's Special Report to The Blade.)—Hogs—Receipts, 15 cars; market higher; all grades, $5.60.

Sheep and lambs light; same quotations.

Cattle—Receipts, 6 cars; market steady.

Union Stock Yards, Pittsburg, Pa., May 8.—(Brinkman, Wood & Beck's Special Report to The Blade.)—Five loads hogs; heavy, $6.65@6.70; mediums, heavy Yorkers, $6.75; light Yorkers, $6.75@6.80; pigs, $6.80@6.70.

Sheep, $4.50@5.65; lambs, $5.00@6.70.

Calves, $5.00@6.50.

East Buffalo, N. Y., May 8.—(Swope's Special Report to The Blade.)—Cattle, 3 cars; steady.

Hogs, 5 cars; higher; all grades, $6.70@6.75.

Sheep, 22 cars; steady; best clipped lams, $6.60; best clipped wether sheep, $5.50@5.75; mixed clipped sheep, $5.25; good clipped ewes, $5.25@5.50; clipped culls, $3.50@3.50.

Calves, $4.75@6.00.

Chicago, May 8.—Cattle—Receipts, 3,500; market steady. Beeves, $4.15@6.20; cows and heifers, $1.85@5.25; stockers and feeders, $2.90@5.00; Texans, $3.90@4.75; calves, $4.00@6.00.

Hogs—Receipts, 10,000; market strong to 5c higher; mixed and butchers, $6.20@6.50; good heavy, $6.40@6.50; rough heavy, $6.05@6.20; light, $6.15@6.43; pigs, $5.70@6.25; bulk of sales, $6.42½@6.47½.

Sheep—Receipts, 20,000; market weak to 10c lower. Sheep, $4.00@5.75; lambs, $4.65@7.50.

N. Y. Stock Market.

Stocks.	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Am. Loco. Com.	61¼	65¼	61¼	65
Am. Sg. Rfg. Co.	132¼	133½	132¼	133½
Atchison	93¾	96¾	93	96¾
Atchison pfd.	101½	101¾	101¼	101¾
Am. Car & F. Co.	38⅞	39¼	38⅝	39¼
Anaconda	240½	249½	239½	247
Amal. Copper	103⅜	106	103⅜	105½
Am. Smelters	149½	152⅝	149½	152⅝
Am. Woolen Co.	39⅝	37⅝	36⅝	37
Allis-Chal. pfd.	56¼	57⅛	56¼	57⅛
Balt. & Ohio	107¾	108¼	107¾	108¼
B'lyn R. Trans.	81¼	83½	81¼	83⅝
Chicago & G. W.	19¼	19¾	19¼	19¾
Canadian Pac.	159¼	160	159¼	159¾
Clover Leaf	32	33	32	32
Clover Leaf pfd.	51¼	53¼	51¼	53¼
Colorado Fuel	48¼	49¾	48	49
Ches. & Ohio	56¼	58¼	56¼	58¼
Cast Iron Pipe	48¼	49¼	48¼	47¾
Del. & Hudson	203	207	203	207
Distillers Sec.	59¼	61½	59¼	61½
Erie com.	42	43	41¾	42
Erie 1st pfd.	77	78	77	78
Erie 2nd pfd.	68¼	68¾	68¼	68¾
Ill. Central	170	171	170	170
K. C. Sou. com.	25¼	25½	25¼	25½
K. C. Sou. pfd.	53¾	53⅞	53¾	53⅞
Louis. & Nash.	142½	144	142½	143¾
Manhattan.	152	152	152	152
Mex. Central	20⅝	22	20⅝	21⅞
Missouri Pacific	89⅝	91	89⅝	91
M., K. & T. com.	31¼	31⅝	31¼	31⅝
M., K. & T. pfd.	67	67¾	66⅞	67¾
North Am. Co.	96	97	96	97
N. Y. Central	137	138	137	137⅝
Nickel Plate com.	68	68¾	67¾	68¾
N. ⅞ W. com.	87⅜	88½	87⅜	88¼
Ont. & Western	48	48¾	48	48¾
Penn. Ry	134⅜	135¼	134⅛	135
Pacific Mail	37¾	37⅜	37¾	37⅜
People's Gas Co.	92¾	94½	93	94⅜
Reading com.	128¾	131⅝	128¾	131
Rock Island	25¼	25½	25¼	25¼
Rock Island pfd.	62½	64	62½	64
Rep.